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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE FRONT PAGE

Better Than Versailles?

THE peace arranged at Versailles twenty-seven years ago has probably received more criticism than any other ever framed. It was finding many vindicators and a more true estimate of its sincerity last week as observers in London compared its "open covenants openly arrived at" with the half-secret power politics being waged within the closed conference of the Big Five foreign ministers. Half-secret, because no such discussions involving clashing interests and not excused by the needs of military security can be kept really secret. There are leaks to correspondents with close connections to members of the American, British and French delegations, and compensating "leaks" arranged by the Soviets to bring their point of view before public opinion. But if public support is recognized as necessary by the conferees, this is hardly the way to form it or win it. They will have to do much better if they are to remove the impression of power-play and log-rolling which already has been widely created. Again, as at San Francisco, we are indebted to the tenacious and blunt-spoken Australian foreign minister, Dr. Evatt, for his championship of principles and the rights of small peoples.

It is argued in defence of the methods of secrecy that the big powers could not afford to state their positions clearly before they knew the intentions of the others; and it is this, apparently which has reduced the first session of the foreign ministers to a sort of sparring match for individual advantage. Another circumstance which has favored this development is the rule of unanimity forced on the conference by Soviet insistence. There can be no majority decisions. All final agreements, it seems, are to be secured as the result of trading to reduce Soviet demands in one sphere by acceding to them in another.

This approach has no doubt made the reported Soviet demands appear more exorbitant than they will turn out to be in the end; for some of these apparently have been made for bargaining purposes. The shock of a demand for naval bases in the Central Mediterranean and on the Red Sea will make it easier to secure a "compromise" on at least a base in the Dodecanese. The large share suddenly demanded in the settlement with Italy can be relinquished in due course for an Anglo-American retreat from the Balkans. And this retreat has indeed already begun with the acceptance of the Soviet draft as a basis for discussion of the treaties with Rumania and Bulgaria, dropping for the moment our insistence so boldly made last month that truly representative regimes must be established in these countries before we will conclude peace with them.

The discussions, it is true, are only beginning. We need not doubt but that considerable agreement will be achieved before they end. But a "peace" already half-made by *fait accompli* in Eastern Europe, where tens of millions of people have been shifted to other sovereignties or rudely expelled from their homes with never a suggestion of a plebiscite, and being completed by this hard dealing in London must at least raise doubts as to its superiority over Versailles.

—Photo, National Film Board

In the turmoil inevitable in the process of reconverting to peace, it is reassuring to remember that old and stable ways of life persist, as exemplified by this Nova Scotian fisherman mending his net.

All-Year Ports

THE seaports of Halifax and Saint John used always to be known as "winter" ports, because overseas traffic—or some of it—was diverted to them from Montreal and Quebec when the St. Lawrence River froze up. During the long war years, as all the world knows, these ports have done yeoman service for the Allied cause every month of the year, with an efficiency and devotion that could not have been surpassed. Without them Canada's war record would have been much less impressive and successful.

Thousands of men from all over the Maritime Provinces work as longshoremen in these ports, and they need year-round employment. But now Halifax and Saint John face decline to the old six-months' port status. To permit this to happen is against the interests not only of the Maritimes but of all Canada. Winter traffic should not be routed out of Canada that can go through these ports. With the volume of European relief and export freight slated to move overseas during the next several years, it should be possible to route plenty of summer business via the Maritime outlets. Summer idleness is an old grievance of Halifax and Saint John; the present would seem to be a splendid time to do something about it.

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Rationing Problem

THERE is no doubt that the rationing of meat is a much more difficult matter than the rationing of any standardized article such as butter, tea, liquor and even clothing. There is no doubt also that it cannot be quite as effective, because of the amount of killing that takes place on farms where it is difficult for the authorities to check up. Nevertheless it has been operated for years in Great Britain, where the health of the population could not have been maintained without it, and if it will produce any appreciable increase in the amount of Canadian meat available for the people of Britain and of delivered Europe it can be and should be operated in Canada. The only possibly valid argument that we have seen advanced against it in Canada is the statement that no more meat can be sent to Britain than is already available without rationing, because of the limited capacity of the freezing

(Continued on Page Three)

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Use The Explosives We Have Now Before Splitting The Atom

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

WHILE much is being written and prophesied of the power possibilities of the "Atomic" explosive should we not curb our imaginations, and look to the more common things available to us? At present this new thing is only another explosive and, as such, we should limit our estimate of its possible usefulness.

Before we take our flights of fancy into the future may we not pause and explore the power possibilities of the lesser elements; the common explosives we have. The charge used to propel a missile from Dover to Calais would undoubtedly, if controlled through an engine, propel a much heavier plane over a much greater distance. All that is required from our scientists is a method whereby these more common and less powerful explosives can be so combined as to be readily transferred to the fuel tanks, and fed to the engines of our automobiles, ships, railroads and other motive power.

This "research" calls for immediate and urgent application, and should have far more present usefulness and future prospects. Scattered throughout the world are vast stores of explosives, useless for commercial purposes, which must soon be destroyed for our common safety. They have cost us a lot of money; there should be some salvage value, and from the study of these possibilities there could be a continuing production of power powders or liquids from the lesser elements to much greater economic benefit than our Buck Rogers' pipe dream.

Montreal, Que. "CAVE-DWELLER"

Ear-French and Eye-French

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR issue of Sept. 8, Mr. Coté writes a good letter in reply to my letter of August 11. I was not attacking the French language. I did not intend to do so, nor do I think that my letter so implies. I pointed out the same difficulty that he experienced; when he was hearing only English, could he master the language. The French boys with whom I was associated could speak English, which they used when they spoke to me. I was keenly disappointed when, after nine months, I was not able to converse in French.

It does not take much difference in pronunciation to confuse one not thoroughly conversant with a foreign language. For "froid" I heard "fret." For "soif" I heard "swef." For "soir" I heard "swear" and some people speaking English have had me guessing. Perhaps the Quebec pronunciation is the one that should be taught in English schools. I would suggest that we banish French from the eyes of English boys and girls and give them French for the first year or two through the ear, and then the eye, the same way that they learned English, if they are to converse in French. At seventy years of age, I listen to French on the radio, still hoping to train my ear, but I make little progress. It comes too fast.

His reference to my being blinded by the Union Jack is not disputed. All of my ancestors came into Canada at the close of the American revolution, that they and their descendants might live under the Union Jack. For me, if we are to have a Canadian flag, let it be in accord with the words of Mr. King, spoken some twenty years ago. "I would not lend my support to any proposal which did not include the Union Jack as the most distinctive feature of any national flag that might be adopted."

Picton, Ont. L. A. VAN SKIVER

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Radio Freedom

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

WE HAVE freedom of the press. The people insist upon the maintenance of this safety valve to Democracy. But who is there to champion the cause of a Free Radio? At present the Government owns most of the stations and controls them all. In a time of sharp controversy some Government in the future could quite easily "put over" any deal it liked through this controlled system of communication.

It is high time to create a Free Radio, divorced from all but essential Government regulation; as to times, wave-lengths, fees and public safety. The C.B.C. should certainly be abolished, for if Parliament were suddenly dissolved it might easily become the instrument for the undoing of a free people.

Toronto, Ont. T. J. T. WILLIAMS

Hostile Friend

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THERE you go again! When will you grow up mentally? "For Better Drinking" and now "Liquor and the Law". How easy it is to put words in the other fellow's mouth; to let one's fertile imagination frame and answer questions supposed to be in the mind and utterance of some one else.

Now Sir, don't you think it is about time to turn the search light upon yourself? Why is it that, in spite of (or because of) my methods; my principles; my teaching; my Editorials during all these many years, still "immoderate drinking is greater than ever?"

Edmonton, Alta. W. H. STERNE

Putting Screws on the Old

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

A PENSION is an annual allowance for support. If it is once given surely it is not the duty of a Pension Board to recover a part of it with interest compounded. I cannot understand a Canadian Government doing such to the older folk and, by contrast, giving freely to the younger generation.

The Mothers' Allowance is a grand thing if rightly administered. Is it fair, or just, to penalize an old pensioner because by diligence and thrift he has acquired a small home?

Lower Argyle, N.S. E. E. HAMILTON

Questionings

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I HAVE been a reader of SATURDAY NIGHT for some time, and like to read it, but I was very much disappointed and surprised when I read your article on "Better Drinking" in the last issue of August 25.

If you were a woman and had a husband, whom you loved, but who, every time he started drinking beer, always ended up on a two or three day spree, would you want to see the beer parlors made more attractive? Would you talk about drinking beer in self-respect?

If the women are also attracted to the beer rooms, who is going to look after the children and show them a good example?

Is it desirable to have more beer-drinking?

Montreal, Que. A WIFE

Vice-Regal Status

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOUR editorials on the Governor Generalship have raised considerable controversy. This is all to the good since the letters dealing with the subject have been moderate in tone and in general, well-reasoned. My own reaction to your views is favorable, as it well might be, since I have been advocating the same idea for more than five years.

Your objections to the appointment of a Canadian to the office are well-founded. It is no answer to say that we appoint judges and Lieutenant-Governors ourselves and might just as well appoint a Governor-General. In the case of a judge, there is a higher power in the country to set him down if he acts improperly, and that power was used not long ago. A Lieutenant-Governor likewise can be dismissed, and that has been done too. But what an uproar there would be if we wanted to remove a Governor General! The necessity for doing that is much less likely to arise if His Majesty's representative comes to us with a mind unbiased by previous political struggles, or by participation in big business within the country.

But more important than all this is our standing in the British Commonwealth. That is where our safety lies, and I mean in the whole Commonwealth, not just the British Isles. When trouble starts that is where we look for help, and it doesn't take two years to find it. Let us do everything we can to keep and strengthen the Empire ties.

We are growing up in spite of ourselves, and the other Dominions are too. Let us then have an interchange of Governors (with a Britisher occasionally) avoiding the pitfall of a native-born incumbent and at the same time showing ourselves and the world that the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations are truly in no way subordinate to one another. We are all going forward, but instead of going forward one by one we should go forward together.

Vancouver, B.C. A. W. SCOTT

Unfair to the Girls

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THERE is a glaring inaccuracy in your issue of September 8, re C.W.A.C. Photos. Your writer says: "The First Contingent of C.W.A.C. Personnel assigned to duties on the Continent arrived recently by Dakota Aircraft at Apeldoorn, Holland."

C.W.A.C. Personnel landed in Normandy early in August, 1944. They were with, or attached to, Canadian Headquarters, 21st Army Group, wore Battle Dress, lived in Tents, and were with H.Q. through France, Belgium, and into Germany, and also were under fire of Hitler's "V" Weapons.

You should give due honor and the same prominence to the girls who landed shortly after "D" Day in 1944 as you have to the girls now following them with the Occupation Army in 1945.

Victoria, B.C. W. P. UNSWORTH

Book Thieves

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

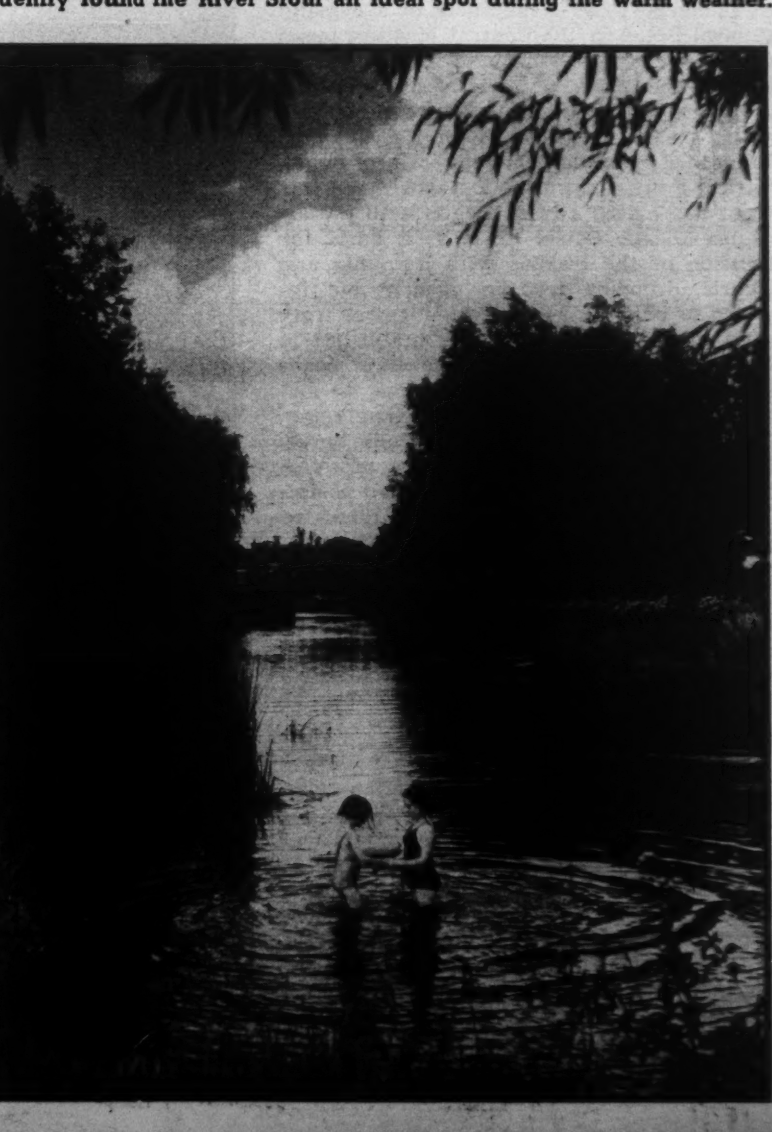
THE lines entitled "Collector's Warning" in "The Passing Show", reminded me of a quatrain written on the same subject by the late Sir Charles G. D. Roberts.

Of thieves there are a great variety
Found even in the best society.
Some steal our hearts with charming looks
And others—*don't return our books!*

Toronto, Ont. ELSIE POMEROY

John Constable Immortalized This Part of England

The charm of that part of the English countryside made famous by John Constable, who delighted to paint scenes from the Vale of Dedham and the Stour Valley, has been caught in this photograph showing Dedham Church, viewed through a window from the Suffolk side of the River Stour across the pastureland of Essex. Constable's childhood home was in Dedham Vale, and it was there in his early boyhood he learned by sketching out-of-doors to depict the fresh colors of nature that distinguish his mature paintings. It was on the River Stour at Dedham that his father's watermills stood, and Constable himself was set to work at the age of seventeen to learn his trade as a miller. But he devoted every moment of his spare time to painting, so that finally his father let him follow his bent and at the age of twenty-three, Constable became a student at the Royal Academy. From painting portraits and copying those of Reynolds and Hopper, he mastered the technique of oil painting, but retained his early skill in rendering the fresh natural colors of landscape which he had learned by working in the open air. The scene below, with Dedham Bridge in the distance is also familiar to the lovers of Constable's country. The small bathers evidently found the River Stour an ideal spot during the warm weather.



The Front Page

(*Continued from Page One*)

process. Whether this is true or not is a technical question which we do not feel competent to answer, but in any case we should have to ask the opponents of rationing to prove that freezing capacity is fully utilized not merely this week and next week, but will continue to be fully utilized without rationing throughout the next six months at least.

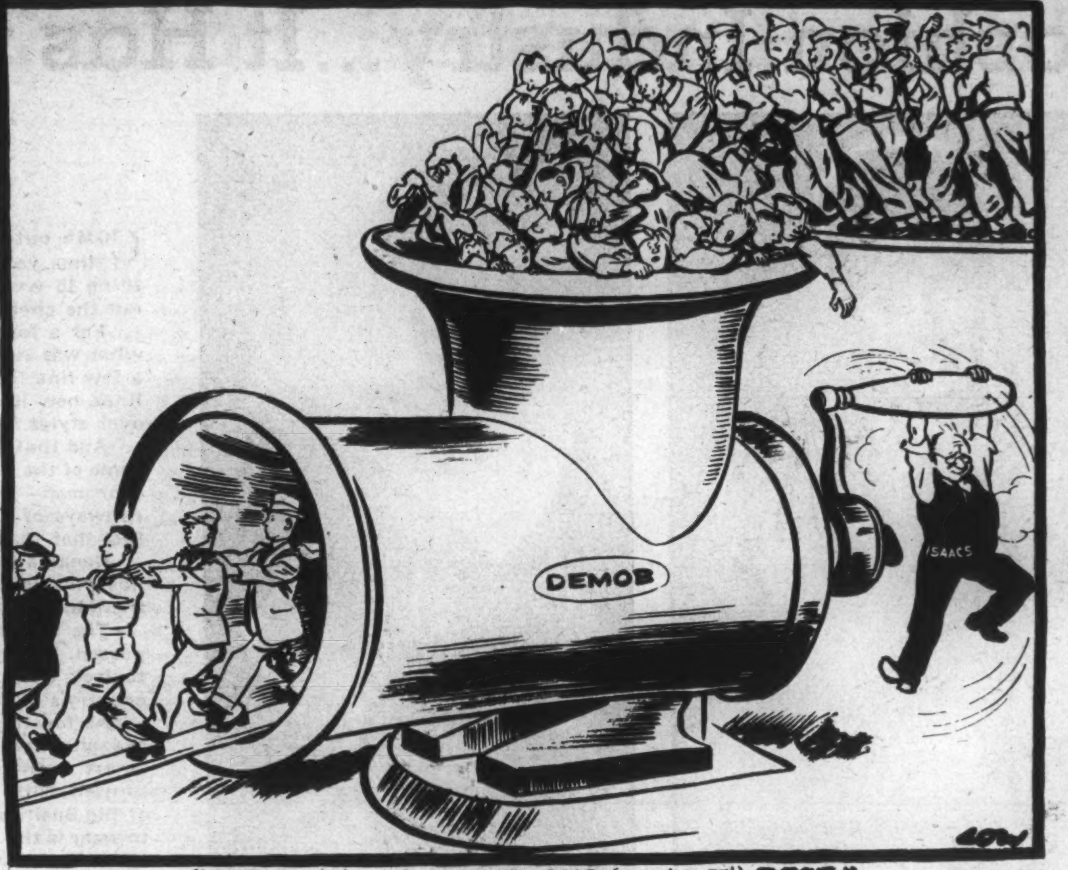
The arguments based on inconvenience to dealers and to the public are, if taken by themselves, unworthy of the people of a great and wealthy nation which has felt little or nothing of the economic hardships of the war. The average serving of meat in a good-class restaurant in England at any time during the past three years has been less than half of what is habitually served in the same grade of establishment in Toronto and Montreal. The diet of the British people today is scantier even than it was in the year before the Victory days, and is made so by their sacrifices in aid of the rescued peoples of Europe. That Canadians could be unwilling to accept the small inconveniences of a rationing system, if these will in any way relieve the deficiencies of the British diet, is more than we can believe.

Fifty-Two for Forty

IT IS ALMOST incredible, as Mr. McAree has pointed out in the *Globe and Mail*, that any great national association of adult persons should be so supremely foolish as to embark upon a hotly contested campaign, in which public opinion is bound to be an important factor, with the slogan "Fifty-two hours pay for forty hours work." The only explanation of this course is that the trade union organization in question is very young, and very confident of its own ability to achieve its ends by sheer physical force without any regard to what the public may think about its aims or its methods. So far as its own membership is concerned the slogan is doubtless highly satisfactory; any unreflecting young person is likely to be pleased with the idea of raising the price of an hour of his work by thirty per cent at a single jump. But to that very large proportion of the community which has no possibility of achieving such an increase, and must rather in many cases fear a decrease from present rates, the 52-40 cry is simply an announcement of an intention to squeeze out of the public the largest amount that it can be held up for.

The sole serious justification that we have seen put forward for the 52-40 idea is the fact that during the war there have been cases, and fairly numerous at that, in which the actual productivity of an hour of labor has been increased by thirty per cent or more between the first tentative effort at the production of some new weapon or item of equipment and the ultimate standardized process. But these cases have occurred in the production of articles of entirely new design and pattern, delivered to a practically unlimited market with the state as purchaser; and the benefit of the increased productivity has accrued to the state in the form of successive reductions in the price of the article. No such phenomenon can occur in the case of peace-time production for civilian use. The civilian market is not unlimited, and is directly affected by price; the lower the price the larger the consumption and hence the cheaper the cost of mass production, but the price cannot be lowered while the labor cost is going up.

The most dangerous feature in the whole situation is that the labor unions which are engaged in this effort to raise the price of their labor unit are attached to a political party which quite frankly desires to substitute another economic system for that under which we are at present operating, and which therefore has no interest in the successful functioning of the present system. But it happens that the present system can only be kept functioning by means of a pretty general co-operation of all its parts, with each part willingly accepting that share of the product which the operations of the market allow to it. As soon as any large and powerful element in the system refuses to co-operate in this way the system breaks down. It breaks down when capital refuses to adventure itself on the currently available terms, though in that case there is a possible remedy in the shape of advances of capital made by the state or community. It is bound to break down when labor refuses to supply its efforts on terms which will make its products saleable, and what remediable action the state can take in that case it is hard to see.



"WE ARE (PUFF!) DOING OUR (PUFF! PUFF!) BEST" —Copyright in all Countries

Germany Finished

THERE is a passage in that very profound work of German philosophy, the "Decline of the West" by Oswald Spengler, which should convey a good deal of reassurance to those who are worried about the possibility of a resurgence of German expansionism. The Spengler theory, as is pretty generally known, is that every "culture" has a life-span of its own, being born, growing and dying very much as an individual does. At its apex each culture is more or less roughly embodied in a nation-state, or at least in a group of nation-states with somewhat similar characteristics; Spengler regarded the now "declining" culture of the "West" as embodied in the nation-states of Western Europe generally, but most perfectly (of course) in Prussian Germany. This culture he considered to be now in its "late" period, corresponding to that of the Augustan Empire in the Roman culture; and it is an interesting fact, to which his fellow-Germans might well have paid more attention, that he believed the seeds of the next culture, that which will succeed the present "West", to be in Russia. Much of what has developed in Russia since he wrote in 1918 is compatible with the character which he sketched for the future Russian "culture", which would be a product of the vast spaces of the steppes and of the profoundly anti-individualist "soul" which they produce.

But the part to which we would draw attention is that in which he discusses the inevitable perishability of the qualities which make the "great" period of a culture. The great period of Rome, he says, was that of the wars against Pyrrhus and Carthage; it was not that of the Roman world-empire, which was not achieved by the Romans, but submitted to by the rest of the then known world; it was "the result not of a surplus of energy on the one side . . . but of a deficiency of resistance on the other". And there follows this significant passage: "To maintain the heroic posture for centuries on end is beyond the power of any people. The Prussian-German people have had three great moments (1813, 1870 and 1914), and that is more than others have had."

That was written by a German in 1918. Since then the Prussian-German people have had another try at a "great moment". In spite of the technical perfection of their military organization in 1939, it is open to grave doubt whether the term "heroic posture" can properly be applied to a nation which submitted itself to the tyranny of a Gestapo, which conferred semi-divine honors upon an ignorant and boorish mystic in the person of Hitler, and which erected the follies and hatreds of a Rosenberg and a Streicher into a national philosophy. More properly, we fancy, the national mood at the start of the war was one of pseudo-heroism based upon a hypnotic belief in German invincibility, the heroic posture of the bully who attacks a person whom he knows to be weaker than himself and believes to have no friends. We do not think there is much danger of Germany ever resuming a true heroic posture so long as the events of 1945 remain in the national consciousness. The case of Japan is very different.

"British" Columbia

WE FEEL somewhat apologetic about reverting so frequently to the subject of the proposed expulsion of persons of Japanese racial origin from Canada, in view of the large number of other subjects which urgently demand the consideration of the Canadian people at this moment; but the deportation operation is now imminent, the demand from British Columbia that it be made universal is loud and insistent, and there is urgent need that the people of all Canada should be awakened to the significance of what may happen.

The Union of British Columbia Municipalities the other day passed a resolution demanding that repatriation to Japan be enforced not only on Japanese who have been disloyal to Canada or have expressed a desire to return, but on every person of Japanese ancestry in the Dominion. The utmost pressure is being exerted at Ottawa to have this demand assented to by the Government. Its outrageous character can be best suggested by mentioning two or three consequences which would flow from its being granted. It would send to Japan a considerable number of men who have fought in the Canadian forces, some of them against the European adherents of the Axis and others actually against Japan itself. Their wives and children would go with them. It would send to Japan a very large number of persons who are Canadian citizens, some by birth and others by naturalization, and who would be compulsorily deprived of their citizenship rights precisely as the Jews were in Hitler Germany. It would send to Japan many loyal and devoted members of Christian churches. It would introduce into this country a principle of racial discrimination at the wish of a single province, which might have the most far-reaching consequences if, let us say, Quebec were to come to the conclusion that it disliked the presence of persons of Jugoslavian or Icelandic or even English ancestry.

But the whole principle of compulsory expulsion—and for that matter of "persuasive" expulsion if the persuasion is achieved by high-pressure methods—of any persons who are lawfully in the Dominion and have not been convicted of any acts against its peace and security is so profoundly objectionable, so repugnant to all principles of British liberty and justice, that it seems a bitter irony that the one province from which the demand for it proceeds should also be the one province in which the word "British" occurs as part of the provincial title.

The Passing Show

A PASADENA clergyman announced that the world would come to an end last Friday. Should this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT fail to reach our regular subscribers, may we not bleat apologetically that the circumstances were beyond our control.

•

The Speaker of the House of Commons has reminded members that they must not read their speeches. This enforced self-denial will no doubt be shared cheerfully by most of their constituents.

•

The Japs are now coming to the conclusion that General MacArthur is no lover of music as he is totally ignoring their overtures and is indifferent to their ideas of harmony.

•

An official film to be released shortly by Ottawa shows how to make the most out of domestic coal. Provided, of course, that you have enough coal to make the most of.

•

Sermon For Freshmen

The student gambols along the way
A picking-up new sensations,
Just blowing himself from day to day,
And oftenwhiles he is heard to say,
"It's a long, long time to the end of May
And the darned Examinations."

But O, my brother, so fresh and green,
Absorbing the mellow drink,
Or jitterbugging with foolish mien,
Or shooting craps with an air serene,
The month of May, beflowered and green,
Is nearer than you think.

J. E. M.

Mr. Ilsley, modifying his election promise of a general reduction in income tax, has since promised "a slight easing." Many persons are now taking the gloomy view that his latest statement will deteriorate further into "a 'slight' without the 'easing.'"

•

According to a Detroit editorial, G.I. Joes now in Europe are becoming restless, especially those with jobs waiting for them in the city's large industrial plants. Maybe the boys are feeling a little nostalgic about all the beautiful strikes they are missing.

•

Thieves broke into the headquarters of a Montreal police fraternal organization recently and stole 130 bottles of Scotch. We understand that the police were notified, and are exploring every avenue.

•

Some people are taking meat rationing the hard way and claim that they are now obliged to resort to cafeterias to get a balanced meal —held up on the left hand.

•

"What does the Cabinet think of a charge of $5.25 for a 26 oz. bottle of whiskey containing 60 percent water," asks a B.C. editorial. But it does sound better than a 26 oz. bottle of water containing 40 per cent whiskey.

•

Suppressed

If you love autumn's naïve shades,
And spare bird-notes,
The unreality that you feel
Where a milk-weed seed floats,

The sweet-wine scent of afternoon
Clouds, wind-skidded into place,
By night, along the melon row,
The moon making lace,

The frost's austere artistry,
Hills, aloof, behind the mist—
Although your spirit laughs and sings,
You're just a hedonist!

M. HELEN STEVENS

•

An A.P. wire the other day intimated that a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Popatheadorakousnauntouroglankopoulos, in Arizona. It might be convenient to arrange the christening on an instalment plan.

•

Should the Moscow Museum have difficulty in finding a pair of minority opinions for the Antiquities Department a shipment from Canada might help. At least we could send one pair, male and female. Whether or not they would breed in that climate no one can say.

•

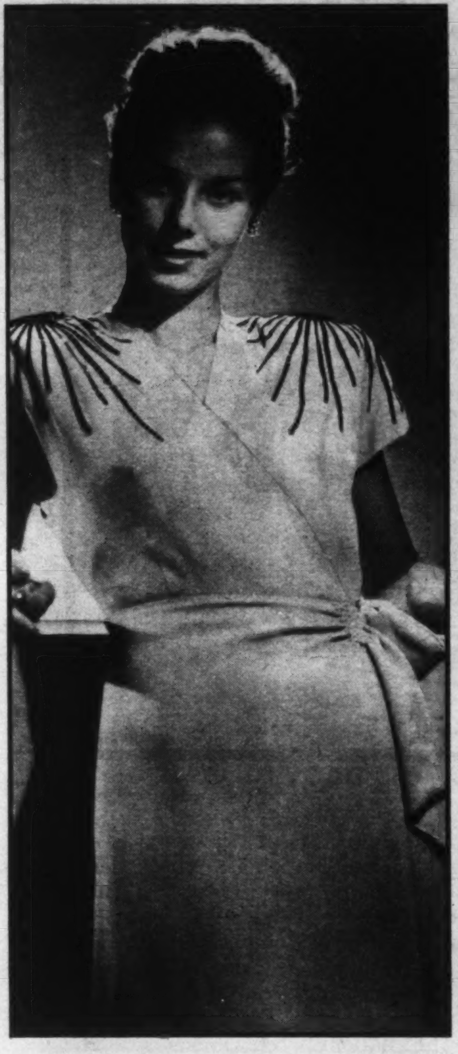
Hereabouts they breed prolifically and, indeed, there is danger that the more-useful species, the majority opinion, may be crowded towards extinction for lack of sustenance. The Government might consider fixing a bounty for every dead minority opinion delivered.

•

Half-way between the lawn mower and the coal shovel, and no clamorous necessity to use either! No wonder people like October.

Canada's Fashion Industry...It Has Come of Age

Grosgrain bands the high neckline, curves low around the hips to form a tiny bustle-effect in the back of this sleek, black dress in Roessel's "Ribalon." A Grostern design.



A playtime fashion, this striking side-drape dress, softly executed in Bruck's "Thumbs Up," is burnished with sequin-spangled sunbursts on each shoulder. By Mrs. Torchin.

A rainbow of colors shimmers in the sequins of the paisley-type yoke of this cocktail dress. Drapery fans out in soft, figure-flattering folds. Styled by Jack Liebman.

By Bernice Coffey

COME out from behind that newspaper, Mr. Man, the next time you hear a feminine voice announcing "I haven't a thing to wear!" You may as well give in peacefully, bring out the cheque book. The lady means business.

For a long time women have been practical, buying only what was necessary of what was available. Now they want a few fine feathers, clothes spiced with the excitement of new lines, new ideas, clothes that are not just last year's warmed-over styles.

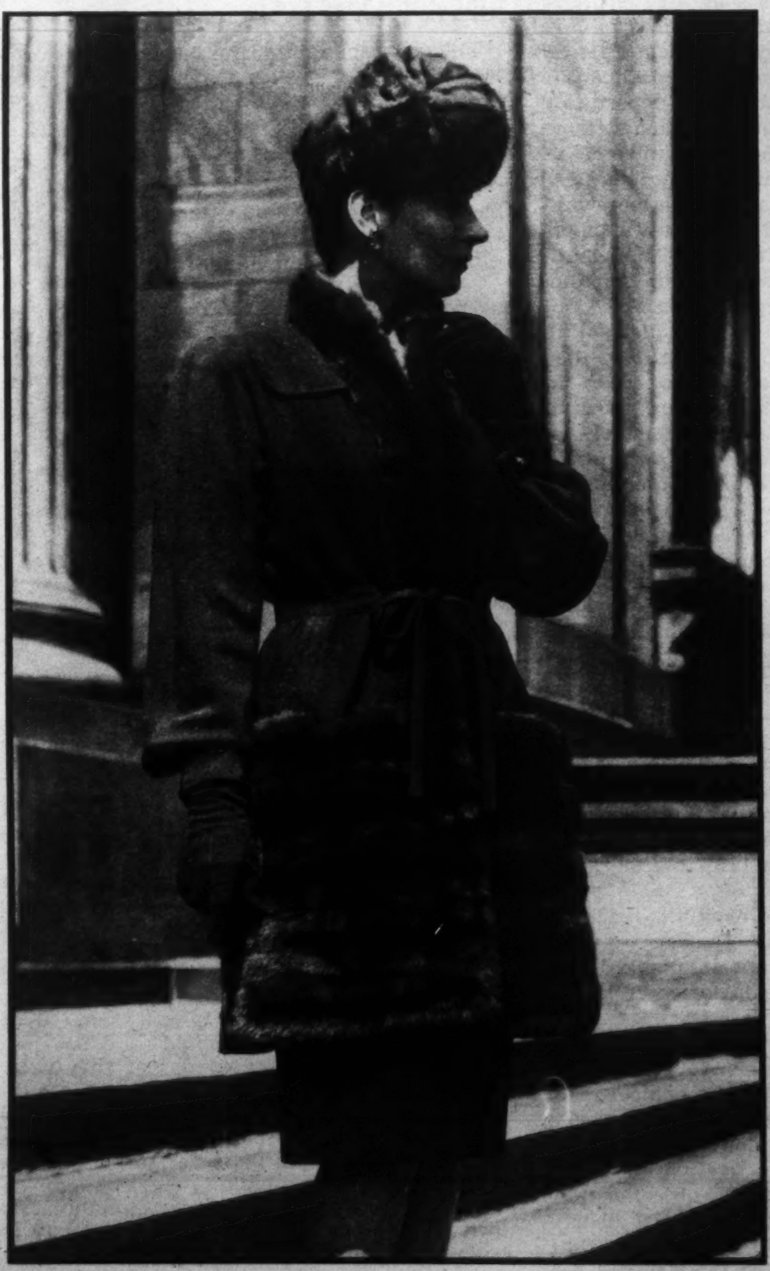
And that exactly is what they are getting. For this season some of the handsomest clothes to brighten the eyes of women —or men—in several years have gone marching down he runways of fashion shows. More significant, though, is the fact that these are Canadian clothes.

Canadian clothes always have been well-made. Today they have the intangible plus quality of expert styling that puts them into the category of Big Time.

The Canadian woman is going to be a very well-dressed person, indeed—and in future it won't be necessary for her to look with envy at any of her sisters abroad, not if this country's clothing manufacturers have their way.

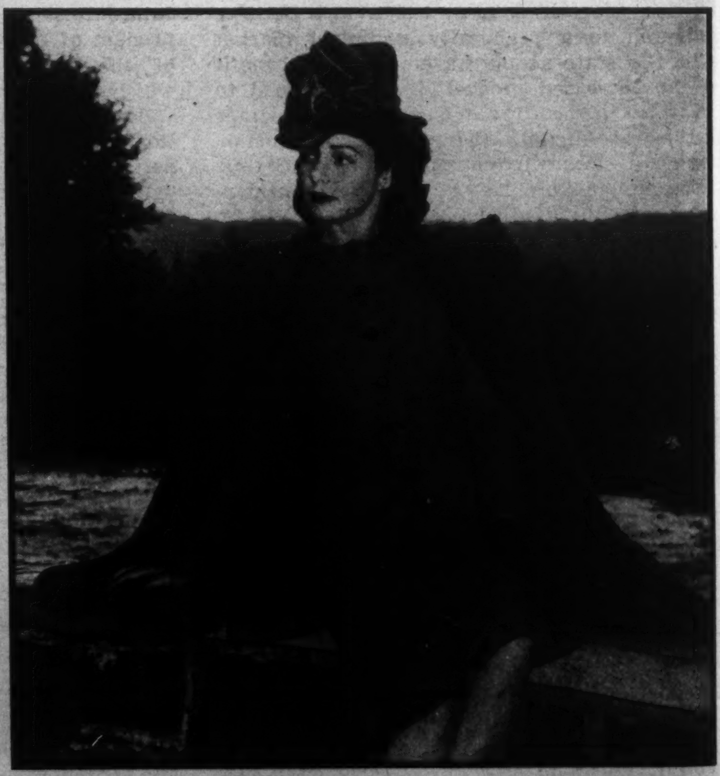
As for the gentleman with the cheque book, apart from the pleasure he undoubtedly will have in looking at these smart clothes, as he pays the bills for them he can console himself with the fact that Fashion has grown to the status of Big Business in Canada. The manufacture of women's ready-to-wear is the country's fourth largest industry. It's Montreal's largest. An industry that big cannot be ignored. Neither can a woman when she says, "I haven't a thing to wear!"

She turns her back on the world to show flat looped bands caught at waist with pale blue sequinned grosgrain. In Laurentian's "Matchmaker" black rayon crepe. By Taub.



Luxuriously banded with sable-dyed Russian squirrel, this tunic suit by Rother, Stein and Gerson, is done in English needlepoint of contrasting colors. Fur hat is by Lola Lanyi.

Sparked with fuchsia as a foil for ebony black imported wool, this dress features the deep arm-hole, rounded shoulder, small waist. By Sapera.



A simple yet worldly suit by Podbere. Cleverly detailed three-quarter coat is lined with grey Southern lamb. Of here blue in a Canadian woolen. Hat by Lola Lanyi.

Collectors' Exhibit Reflects Present Art Ideals

The Crocodile, by Philip Surrey
Bruce Ross Collection

The Snowsuit, by Jack Nichol
Mrs. O. D. Vaughan Collection

By Paul Duval

WHEN an art gallery invites its members to exhibit works of art from their private collections it is almost bound to get a selection which reflects pretty closely the aesthetic discrimination of the community in which it is located. Thus, the present exhibition at the Art Gallery of Toronto could be honestly accepted by a visitor as mirroring the state of art in Canada's "Queen City".

The fact that there is a large proportion of highly derivative hack-work on show indicates the essential lack of initiative, knowledge and discrimination on the part of most of our collectors. There is a tiresomely big proportion of purely eclectic painting, as was to be expected, and a smaller group of really quite worth-while things, mostly of Canadian origin.

The presence of dozens of dull story-pictures and landscapes by commercial limners of the recent past, like Jacob Maris, Spencer Mocky, Nona Hagi-Stasan, Edward Frere, Herman Weiss and Koele should not, however, be considered peculiar to a Toronto selection, but, rather, reflects what would probably be found in similar proportions in such a potpourri collectors' exhibition from any Canadian city. It simply indicates the still strong prejudices which lead a large art-buying public to prefer second-rate, imitative works from the hands of third-rate deceased European artists to good and fairly authentic canvases by able Canadian painters.

The word "Europe" still carries with it, for this large group, a guarantee of artistic excellence, despite the fact that the Continent is as much the centre of assembly-line art factory methods as of great individual creators. In some minds still, the fact that a picture was created at least fifty years ago and "in Europe" is quite enough to mark it as an "old master".

Obviously, then, the less said about most of the older pieces in this particular show, the wiser it will be; though the temptation to damn a couple of particularly ugly things is very great. Exception must be made for a few isolated instances like Sir Henry Raeburn's "Mrs. Balfour" from the MacKinnon Collection, the quiet Rembrandt, "Lady with a Handkerchief", from the R. Y. Eaton's Collection, and E. P. Wood's "Portrait of a Young Woman" by Northcote.

The selection from Canadian artists is more consistently excellent. Morrice, Watson, MacDonald, Thomson, Lismer, Jackson and Milne are represented by at least one typical and worthy example. And works by younger painters Lilian Frieman, Carl Schaefer, Philip Surrey, Jack Nichols, and Philip Hall lend a welcome relief to the long, tired lines of gilt-rimmed mediocrity.

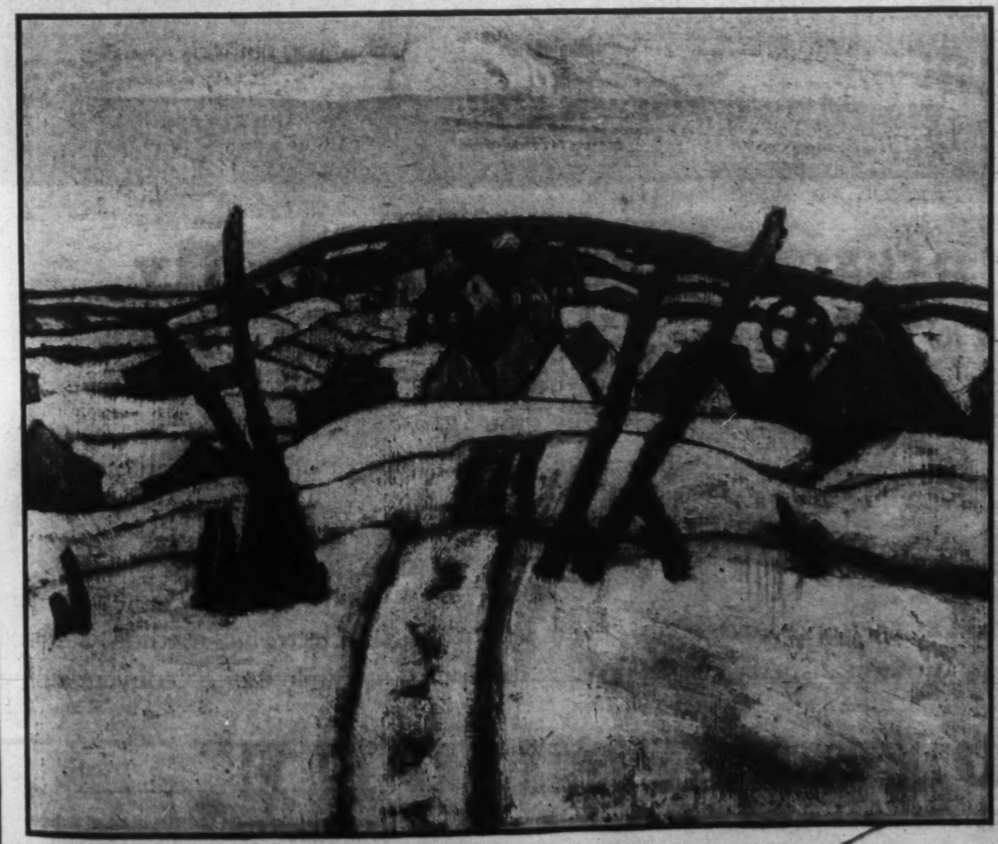
This collection, I repeat, is a fair barometer of Canadian art culture as it lolls along at this moment: ninety of us playing for safety with European pictures of varying, and frequently dubious, merit to every ten willing to actively support creations rising from the native merger between European traditions and the Canadian scene. Surrey's witty "The Crocodile", for instance, makes Frere's feeble figure-piece look the stuffed and be-rouged waxwork gathering that it is. Without pursuing such comparisons, which the reader may make at his will if he visits the exhibition, it is apparent that the majority of art collectors in this country have yet a long way to go before they start discriminating for themselves and cease following the dealer's doubtful advice.

This present exhibition is a reminder, in fact, that Canadian taste, in general, still runs pretty close to banal levels, and is a challenge to the ranks of our collectors, however modest, to look at the creations of their fellow-countrymen, not with a parochial eye, but with a vision undisturbed by the shiny banalities which glut the art market with such handsome returns for the local "old master" dealer and to such obvious damage to the advance of our own Canadian art.

Of course, the acquisition of fine European works of art is of cultural value to the nation; but such works usually cost great prices and, for the limited sums most Canadian collectors can afford, they would be better to invest in first-rate Canadian creations than in the third- or fourth-rate European flops their purses would otherwise afford.

Mantilla, by Philip Hall
Estelle Kerr Collection

Flower Still Life, by Vlaminck
Alan Gibbon Collection



Winter Road, Quebec, by A. Y. Jackson
C. S. Band Collection

The Maple Blooms on Hiram's Farm, by David Milne
Mrs. S. F. Duncan Collection

World Needs New Great Teacher of Religion

By SHAW DESMOND

Are Christianity and our existing religions filling their proper role? The writer believes not. "Instead of the politicians becoming religious," he says, "the religious leaders have become politicians."

The time is ripe, he believes, for a new Great Teacher of religion.

The author of this controversial article is the distinguished British novelist, poet and student of social problems, and founder of the International Institute for Psychical research.

A VERY, very great man will arise in Germany," Dr. William Brown, Director of the Institute of Experimental Psychology, told fellow psychologists at Oxford recently. "Who he is I don't know, but after anti-Christ will come someone very near Christ."

It is many hundreds of years since the last of the "Great Teachers" died. Is it possible that after the unprecedented chaos of this war, a new teacher will appear, yet once more to light the white hot flame which has periodically swept our earth?

The question invites thought, is perhaps awe-inspiring, and requires careful analysis. To many people, brought up to believe that "religion" means the organized creed of a church or a temple, the birth of a new religion will probably present itself as the rising of a new church which through the obvious excellence of its leader will attract millions of adherents by offering the certain path to heaven.

But to think along these lines is to misunderstand the work of the Great Teachers and to fail to appreciate the lessons of religious history and comparative religion. The work of the Great Teachers was not to "found" religions, not even creeds and dogmas, but was for each to take from the hand of his predecessor the torch of inspiration and, having breathed upon it the new inspiration, to rekindle the dying fire, to hand it on to his successor, in a kind of "relay race" which never ceased, in storm or calm, in terror or joy.

Disciples Real Founders

If we look at the life and work of the Great Teachers from Buddha to Jesus, and Lao-Tse to Bai'hai and Nanak, in this light, we shall see it is not they, but their disciples, who founded the "religion" as we know it today, to which their names have been attached. The "religions" were often quite sincerely added to and taken from by those who came after, who nearly always took their name in vain and corrupted the original message. Christianity became Churchеanity, the teachings of Buddha were distorted into the devil-worship of Tibet and the bastard religions of China and Japan, the mystical conceptions of Lao-Tse degenerated into fantastic ritual and the brotherhood of man taught by Nanak became the core of the militancy of the Sikhs.

Ritual and Theology — the "blind science" — became the concern of religions rather than the things which are truly religious, our every-day life. Instead of the politicians becoming religious, the religious leaders became politicians.

We have seen the rise of many new Churches. There are in Europe many hundreds of Christian sects, in Britain alone over one hundred, and in the United States, with its high powered publicity methods and distaste of and reaction to its own efficient materialism, an almost countless number. To add one more Church to this — or to the even more fantastic number of "Churches" that are supposed to be based on the Great Teachers of the Orient, would make little difference and hardly worthy of note. And here let it be observed that hitherto all the great religious teachers of the world have come from the East. Now, perhaps, we are to have one coming out of the West. It is a conviction widely held at our universities and elsewhere.

Certainly it would not provide what the world is thirsting for. To anyone who speaks candidly with ordinary people, it is apparent that this is a faith, not a faith which varies with the particular Church and which in its ultimate analysis means a demand for blind acquiescence, but the "substance of things not seen". To offer as "proof" for every man something which of necessity must vary with the individual is childish quibbling and not what we may expect from a new Great Teacher.

Jesus said that in his Father's house there were many mansions and implied that to reach them there were an equal number of paths. The need of the world is for a Great Teacher who will not proclaim that he has the secret of the keys of heaven, but will emphasize yet again that "the kingdom of heaven is within", that God has aways lived but in one place —the heart of individual man — in that "temple not made with hands" where, in our extrovert age, we seek Him last of all. Every Teacher of the past has had this for the heart of his teaching. None taught dogma. All taught *love*.

In All Churches

In all churches from those of Christianity to Buddhism and from Ba'haiism to Muhammadanism there are to be found deeply religious men and women. But, as it seems to an increasing number of thinking people, these are religious in spite of, rather than because, they are members of such mass organization.

And in all churches there are teachers of much that is true. Our new Great Teacher would be unable to produce any new eternal verities, for these have already been expressed with great simplicity. Perhaps it is their very simplicity that has been against them. The teachers in the churches are compelled to give the message weighted by the gyves of organized religion, where in its more artificially ritualistic forms they do not tantalize their congregations by the frills and furbelows which they attach to the original plain message. A new Great Teacher would be free of these bonds and once more enunciate the great principles in the language and in terms of the conditions of today. They would, in a word, apply religion to life and living, not life and living to "religion".

No one can say whether a Great Teacher will arise. It may be that the flight from the churches, accompanied by the strong desire for a faith that is not — and cannot be — satisfied by dictators or defied states, will result in the Churches saving themselves. This will not happen through one of the periodical calls from the heads of the Churches for their flock to return. Through dogma and ceremony the heads of the churches have, almost unconsciously, surrendered belief in the central things of their religion and — more important — the masses having escaped from these bonds will refuse to traffic with a religion that is divorced from life. How often in discussion groups in the Forces has this question been raised: — "Where can we find a religion which is related to life as we know it and is not a thing apart?"

One Central Principle

The part of the Churches may be played through truly religious members of them who, while subscribing to varying dogmas, agree on one thing — the fact that all religions and sects have one central principle, a God of Love, survival after death and the possibility of angelic communion here and now. There have been movements in this direction already with a confraternity of Churches, World Congresses of Faiths, and groups of those anxious to go out as missionaries to a world in which the politicians speak of everything and try everything except fraternal love.

It may be that the path of a new Great Teacher could be played through the spontaneous movement fostered by men and women who, whilst believing in dogma, believed also that there is something greater than dogma. He would show that we are all "priests", that the world is our parish — as some of my shipmates once realized, and so often expressed in endless discussions around the binnacle lamp during a voyage round the Horn.

One thing is certain. Without the re-union of life and religion the entry of religion — not the churches — into world politics and action based on that core of religions, the Brotherhood of Man, our civilization is doomed. The relation between war and religion has never been properly appreciated by men, although women, I suspect, have felt it in their hearts where their religion dwells (rather than as with men, in their heads).

If We Listened

A Great Teacher might make easier the task—if we listened to him. He would neither state, nor claim to state anything "new", although he would probably frame his message from a new angle. He would, like the Great Teachers of the past, no doubt be called impractical and an "idealist"—it is a symptom of the way the world has gone that the term "idealist" should have become almost a term of derision. He would not seek to lead, but to inspire.

The New Teacher will come "as a thief in the night." He will come unheralded, unhonored and unsung. He will be rejected by many of the organized religions and he may even be crucified — if not upon a cross of wood, then upon a cross of gold. But his message will remain.

In our parliaments—on our screens — on our radios — we hear much of "politica" as a panacea for the troublous times now showing themselves. We hear little of "religion" — that is to say, religion as applied to politics and to life.

We are about to hear much more of this in the times now coming.

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He weighed Atoms

Born to a Quaker family in a little thatched cottage in England in 1766, John Dalton acquired enough education at twelve years of age to start a school of his own. He began to take regular weather readings and was noted for his ability to predict the weather. He studied flowers and insects, optics and color-blindness, and finally decided to make chemistry his life work. He noted the constant proportions in which different elements combine with one another, and finally established the atomic theory in chemistry.

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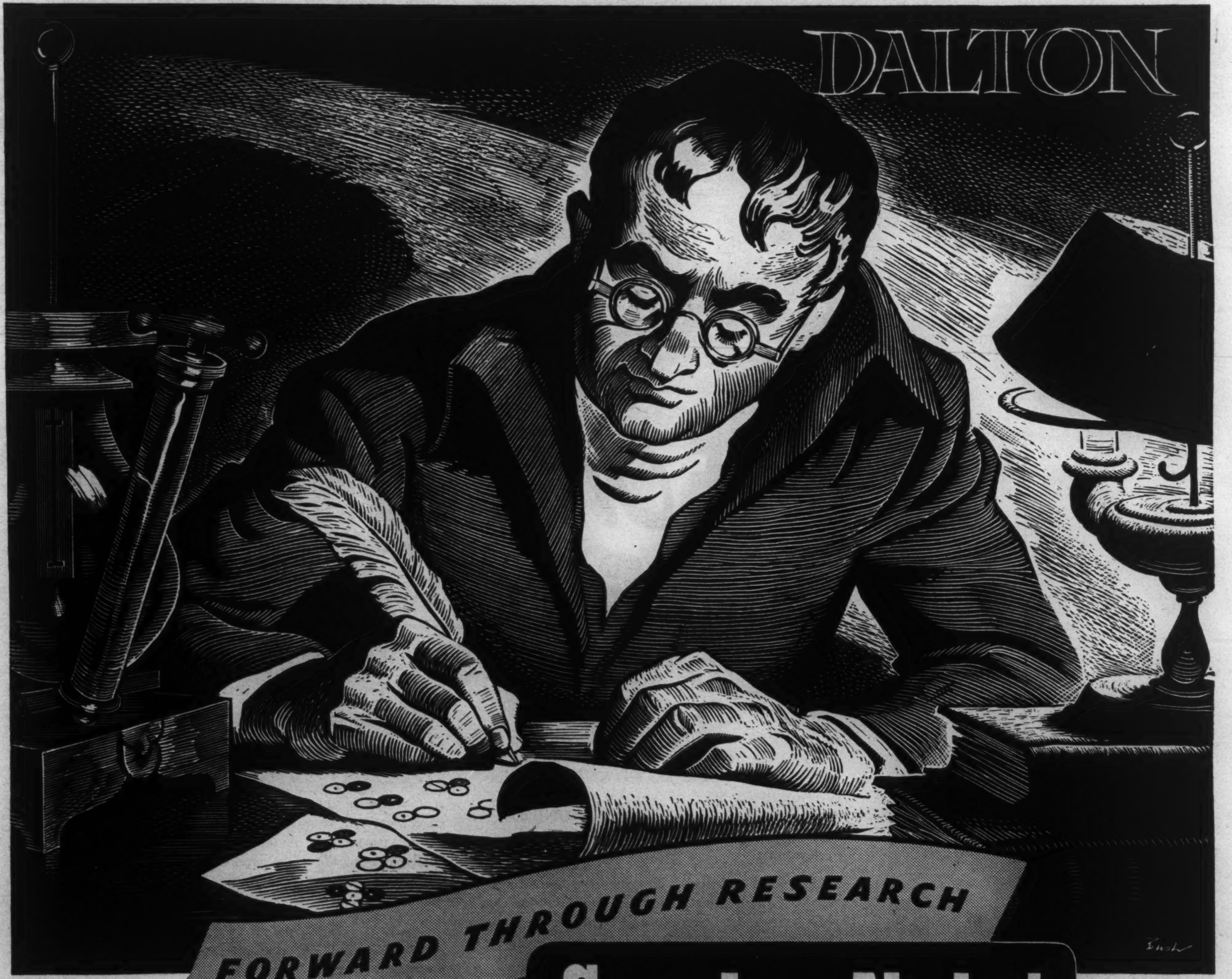

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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Revolutionary Nature of Wheat Policy Overlooked in Comment

BY WILFRID EGGLESTON

THE short-term criticism of the Government's new wheat policy on the grounds (a) that the current price of $1.55 is unfair to the wheat-grower because in the current seller's market Canada could get more, and (b) that the five-year guarantee of $1 a bushel is too low, tends to obscure the quite revolutionary nature of the guarantee itself.

It may prove that the guarantee will cost the Dominion treasury nothing; since it is quite conceivable that during the five postwar years the international demand for wheat may keep the Canadian price of No. 1 Northern wheat basis Fort William continuously above $1 per bushel. On the other hand, it is equally conceivable that the guarantee may cost the Dominion treasury several hundred million dollars. Had it been in effect in the five years 1930-34 inclusive, it would have required government subsidies totalling $600 millions.

A speedy backward glance to the thirties for a spot of perspective will bring out the radical nature of the new guarantee. I remember in the fall of 1930 calling with a colleague on Sir George Perley, acting Prime Minister (R. B. was in London), to find out what the three prairie premiers, Messrs. Brownlee, Anderson and Bracken, had come down to Ottawa for. Sir George received me and my colleague with his usual courtesy, and in a puzzled manner tried to explain that the three premiers were asking the Dominion Government to give the three wheat pools credit backing so that they could pay 70 cents a bushel basis No. 1. Fort William for the 1930 crop. Not being a wheat expert, Sir George was still wrestling with the implications of the premiers' requests, but he had seen far enough into it to be aghast at the thought of the public purse being put behind a guarantee which might well cost the federal treasury some staggering sum,—perhaps as much as $20,000,000, the sum which had just been voted for unemployment relief!

Then we all remember what a daring thing John I. McFarland was authorized on the quiet to do: go into the open market at Winnipeg and buy futures to see if the price of No. 1 Northern at Fort William could be kept from falling below 50 cents a bushel; how for a while he was successful, and then in the late fall of 1932, he acquired so much wheat in doing so that the Ottawa government got frightened and instructed him to stop,—with the result that the price rapidly broke to a low of 38⅜ cents,—the lowest price in recorded history!

Tiger by the Tail

So much for the Bennett government policies: they tried to put in a floor at 70 cents, and failed; they tried to put in a floor at 50 cents; and failed. But the Liberals of that day can't take any particular credit, because everyone remembers their attacks, public and private, on Premier Bennett for getting the public purse so deeply involved in the western wheat crop.

I recall we used to write that the Government had a tiger by the tail. If it hung onto the scores of millions of bushels it then owned, it was losing a cent a bushel a month for carrying and storage charges, and if it tried to get out of the market by offering wheat freely it broke the market still further and added to its own woes and the distress of Canadian wheat producers. And that, remember, was for wheat much of which had been picked up at little more than fifty cents a bushel.

Now we have the Dominion Government undertaking that for the next five years it will make up any difference between a dollar a bushel and the actual selling price of our wheat crops, basis No. 1. Fort William, and nobody batting an eyelash, except for a few opposition members who are complaining that the measure doesn't begin to go far enough.

Though the Government is committed to the principle of price floors for agricultural products, it is not necessary to seek very far for the explanations of the timing of this announcement (which, with a Chicago open market price of around $1.70 and a heavy world import requirement in sight, might otherwise appear premature and even academic). The guarantee is obviously an attempt to forestall a storm of protest at the Government's decision to hold down the current export price of Canadian wheat to a level which it thinks fair in light of the circumstances of the chief wheat-importing nations.

There is not the slightest doubt—the Minister of Trade and Commerce readily admitted it—that if we wanted to be greedy we could persuade the buyers of Canadian wheat for the next twelve months or more to pay substantially more than $1.55 a bushel for our wheat (though the Canadian taxpayer might have to finance the sale!). It so happens that for the first time since the spring of 1938 our stocks in store are rapidly declining, and in spite of the exceptionally heavy crop in the United States, there appears to be a ready market in sight for all the wheat we can spare in the next twelve or eighteen months. That being so, how can the Government justify putting the damper on the naturally buoyant price?

Policy Clear

Its policy is clear. It is saying to the grain-grower: "We believe it would be short-sighted to hold out just now for every cent we can get. We think $1.55 is a fair price. This slices the top off the price-peak, and in return we are prepared to fill in the next price-valley by a guarantee that for five years at least you will not get less than a dollar a bushel, basis No. 1 Fort William."

Three points should be made about the dollar guarantee. It is a minimum, not a maximum. A dollar a bushel basis No. 1 Fort William means only about eighty cents at the average farm for the average grade marketed. If there is a general price rise in the next five years its value would be accordingly reduced.

Yet, to look at the measure in broad perspective, it should be pointed out that it does in peacetime give the wheat-grower for the first time what he has clamored for; and that, coupled with two other measures instituted since the last bad depression, it is an insurance that conditions will never again descend to those of the thirties, when the plight of the western wheat farmer became a "national disaster."

Saskatchewan Farmer

To illustrate, consider the position of a wheat farmer of southern Saskatchewan with a large family, cultivating a wheat acreage of say 300 acres in wheat per season. With average yields of 15 bushels, he is sure of a gross cash income of over $3,000 from his wheat (after deducting seed). If he has a crop failure from drought, he has two incomes as of right which he did not receive in 1929-37. First he receives a substantial monthly cheque in family allowances. Second, under the Prairie Farm Assistance Act, he receives from $1.50 to $2.50 per acre on half his cultivated acreage, or from $360 to $600 depending on whether it is declared an emergency year or a crop failure year, and on whether he has suffered a total failure or just a very light crop. It might well be that even with such assistance the wheat-grower might be in sore straits, but at least he is placed in a comparable position to the wage-earner who has lost his job and has to get along for a while on the benefits he draws from unemployment insurance. It is at worst a big improvement over the 1929-37 conditions on the drought-stricken prairie.

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Chinese Now Look To Vast Mineral Wealth

By DAVID ENGLAND

China, for the first time in her history, is now in a position to develop her immense mineral wealth, much of which had already been controlled by Japanese interests before China was attacked. Throughout the country there are huge deposits of coal, iron, tin, copper and oil, as well as such rarer metals as antimony and tungsten.

Until now, China's inadequate transportation system and the old-fashioned methods used in mining have retarded expansion to such a degree that her mineral wealth is as yet comparatively untouched, so that with modernization and the largest supply of labor in the world, the latent possibilities thereof are immeasurable.

WITH her political future assured, China, freed from the menace of Japanese aggression which has overhung her for over 50 years, can turn to schemes of rehabilitation and industrial development.

A party of Russian industrial and mining experts has arrived in Chungking for conversations with the Ministry of Economic Affairs, on co-operation between the two countries.

Even when fighting an exhausting war, "Free China" made considerable industrial advances. It produced, among other things, gasoline engines, steam turbines, oil burners, scientific instruments, rubber, cement, medicine and drugs.

Rapid progress was also made in the development of its wealth in tea, silk, wool, and tungsten, and great numbers of the peasants were organized into industrial cooperatives, of which there are about sixteen hundred.

There is no question that the mineral wealth of China is immense—although not quite so inexhaustible as has often been supposed. For during the past century China has been generally regarded by concession hunters and others as a veritable land of El Dorado.

It has to be admitted that, with the Chinese themselves, mining operations have from time out of mind been carried on for the most part in the primitive methods of their agriculture. But you cannot work a coal field with a prehistoric plough and a hoe, and the results were almost negligible.

Great Coal Resources

A rough estimate of China's resources in coal—her richest mineral—puts them at about 20 times more extensive than those of Great Britain. Yet output, as far as can be judged from the nebulous data available, has been only about one-tenth of Great Britain's.

Among the most active of concession hunters have been the Japanese, and, of course, Chinese interests have been a very bad second. By various means Japan acquired virtual control of nine-tenths of the utilizable iron resources of China (including Manchuria), and before the latter country was occupied fully half of China's iron ore and pig iron production was taken.

Now that Japan has been compelled to quit Manchuria, its mineral wealth will be a priceless accession to Chinese industry. Japan founded extensive heavy industries there. Close to Mukden lie Anshan, Fushan and Penhsihu, producing steel, synthetic oil and ordnance. At Anshan are situated the second biggest steel works in the former Japanese Empire.

In a dozen years, output of pig iron and steel has multiplied six times, and the ore found near Penhsihu is among the finest in the world for armaments. Coal production has doubled to 25,000,000 tons a year. The coal deposits in Manchuria are reckoned to have a life of 400 years.

One of the most remarkable mines in the world is to be seen at Fushan. The coal is mined from an open cut, about half a mile wide by a mile long, and the onlooker gets the impression of seeing the kind of thing that goes on in an ant-hill, with the addition of a few miles of rails and the necessary complement of trucks. Output is 9,000,000 tons a year, and the seam is one of the thickest known, with veins varying from 78 ft. to 420 ft., and with an average thickness of 130 ft.

Here, too, is one of China's most promising areas for oil. It is estimated that five and a half billion tons of shale oil are awaiting extraction.

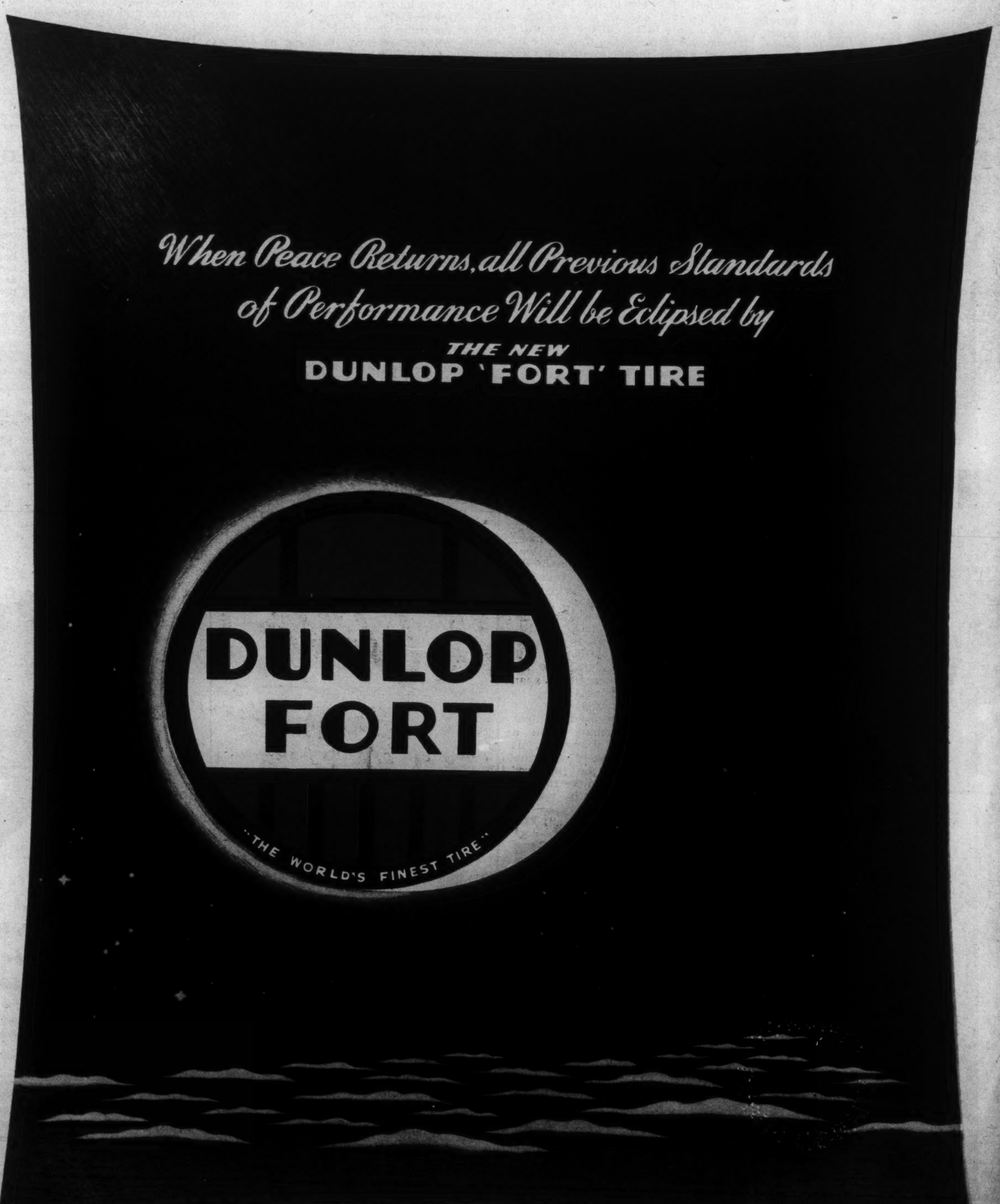
In other parts of China the country is equally well supplied. The coal deposits are reckoned to amount to 250,000,000,000 tons, enough to last for many centuries. This bulk is infinitely the greatest in the Far East, and is amply sufficient to form the fuel basis of industrial development in China, however extensive it may be.

China's resources in iron are not so great as those of coal. They have been reckoned at almost 1,000,000,000 tons. Large as this figure is, it is not reckoned sufficient to form the basis of a permanent iron industry of the magnitude of America. On the other hand China's iron industry is in its infancy so that there is ample room for expansion.

Besides these basic resources, China possesses others in considerable quantities. There are large deposits of tin and copper, awaiting large-scale development. They have long been worked in a small way. Of some rarer metals, particularly antimony and the valuable tungsten, used for making special steels, China is the leading producer in the world.

Most of the mining which has been carried out so far is intimately connected with the existing railway systems concentrated in North China. That gives the key to the secret of future successful exploitations of potential wealth—transport.

For up to the present, in proportion to her supply of important raw materials, China has the smallest railway system and the largest labor supply of all nations. Should she ever become industrialized—and this is certain, the war having hastened its coming—China's industrial and commercial power would be incalculable.



THE LIGHTER SIDE

Thinking Backwards and Upside-Down an Old Oriental Custom

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

LAFCADIO HEARN in one of his later writings left behind a helpful hint to the present day occupiers of Japan. It was impossible, he pointed out, to understand the Japanese merely by learning their language. You had to be able to think like the Japanese—backwards and upside-down.

This explanation helps to clear up a number of points. It explains for instance why, when the first American invasion force landed in Japan, the Japanese showed their resentment by breaking out a large banner bearing the slogan "Welcome to the United States Navy". This is a fair example of thinking backwards, though the Japanese might have improved on it by showering the invaders with ticker-tape and torn-up telephone books as a sign of inverse affection. However the ensuing tea-party was probably more in keeping with the Japanese tradition, at once ceremonious and tidy.

Without the key supplied by Lafcadio Hearn Americans in Japan are likely to be deeply confused for a long time to come. American generals and admirals especially are unaccustomed to thinking backwards and upside down. Nothing for instance could have been more forward-thinking and right-side-up from the occidental point of view than Admiral Halsey's comment that he "would have liked to kick each Japanese delegate in the face." As it turned out however the Japanese were unable to accept the Admiral's comments in the sense they were intended. With their curious antipodal point of view they obviously concluded that Admiral Halsey too was thinking backwards. What he really meant, they assumed, was that we must now bury hatred, forget Pearl Harbor and see that a continuous flow of American capital and technique reached Japan. That at any rate is the interpretation that Premier Prince Higashi-Kuni put on the American attitude in his first official address to the United States.

IT WOULD be a mistake, however, to assume that Premier Higashi-Kuni's address put everything in the clear. For His Imperial Highness, while courteously giving the backward interpretation to America's forward thinking, was obviously going in for a lot of backward thinking himself. The Prince, who has spent most of his life in uniform, announced that the new Japan now emerging would be shorn of militarism and would be as peace-loving as the United States. Reading from left to right and upside down we may translate this in roughly the Japanese idiom as "The Sword of the Samurai will outlast for a thousand years the fountain-pen of War Terminations Negotiations".

The Prince is a wonder at this sort of reverse-presentation. Apparently he can think not only backwards and upside down but circularly. Thus when asked at his first press interview if he had been in any way responsible for the execution of the Doolittle flyers he zoomed gracefully out of reach with "We regret we were unable to shoot down any of the flyers here on Japanese territory. It seems there were a few forced to land in China." Then when an exasperated questioner broke in with the suggestion that a five-and-ten-cent industrial nation like Japan shouldn't have dared make war, His Imperial Highness, reverting swiftly to the backwards-thinking technique, brushed off the tribute with a deprecating, "It was a mistake. It was wrong to make war." (Translation: "Japan will be prepared against such mistakes in the future." Retranslation: "Japan is placing emphasis on a resurgence of culture rather than prowess at arms.")

It looks as though a newspaper man who can't think clearly both backwards and circularly while standing on his head will be of very little use to the Foreign Press office in Tokyo.

THINKING forwards doesn't come naturally to the Japanese and it was their unfortunate attempt to reverse their ancient mental processes that got them into their present predicament.

Until Admiral Perry's visit to Tokyo back in 1853 Japan had always been perfectly content to think backwards and upside-down. Any other kind of thinking was discouraged by the government. Foreigners who might carry the virus of forward-thinking were rigidly excluded from the country. Japanese sailors who had had the bad luck to be shipwrecked on foreign shores were carefully quarantined before being allowed re-entry to their native land. Sometimes they weren't allowed back at all. Thinking backwards and upside-down the Japanese were living as securely and peacefully as toads in a well when Admiral Perry steamed into Tokyo Harbor with a fleet of warships and frightened the Shogun into signing a peace-treaty. The Shogun to be sure was disgraced but apparently the Admiral's success made a deep impression on the Japanese and set the course of Japan's fatal forward-thinking for the next century. Why, the new rulers speculated with rising enthusiasm, shouldn't an up-and-coming little nation build a war-fleet of its own and knock off some trade treaties and even large sections of adjacent territory for itself?

IT WAS unfortunate for Japan that she had waited till the twentieth century to indulge in the kind of forward-thinking that was popular in the nineteenth. She was both too little and too late for that sort of thing and the experiment was bound to turn out calamitously. When it did there was nothing for Japan to do but revert to those mysterious ways of thinking and contriving that are so exasperating to the Occident. This makes it possible for Prince Premier Higahsi-Kuni to urge the American people while they are still as mad as hornets to "forget Pearl Harbor".

From the Japanese point of view Pearl Harbor was simply a misunderstanding, and the misunderstanding was largely on the part of the American people, who had never learned the art of thinking in reverse. If they had they would have accepted the presence of Japanese peace negotiators in Washington on December 7 1941 as warning rather than a reassurance. Thus by thinking backwards and upside-down they would be able to recognize the whole Pearl Harbor episode as an act of perfect sincerity illuminated by tact.

With all her ceremonious acceptance of the present situation, Japan herself it must be admitted is having a distressing time. Thinking backwards and upside-down worked very well as long as the Occident could be kept from intruding its rude and literal point of view. Now however under the Occupation (which will inevitably be known as the Era of the Foreign Guest) Japan has cast herself in the unnerving role of the hostess who is entertaining the bailiff at her garden party. To make things worse the bailiff insists on carrying out his function right in the middle of the party by displacing honorable guests and grabbing the lawn-chairs. Under the circumstances the best Japan can do is maintain her inscrutable poise and carry on the conversation over the bailiff's head; backwards and upside-down.

Newly-elected National Secretary of the United Nations Society in Canada, Eric W. Morse has just been demobilized from the R.C.A.F., in which he held the rank of Squadron Leader. He was Senior History Master at Trinity College School, Port Hope, for six years.

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No Winning Side Left In Any Future War

By THE VERY REV. W. R. INGE, D.D.

Well - known for his outspoken sermons when dean of St. Paul's, when his somewhat pessimistic view of human nature earned for him the sobriquet "gloomy dean," the writer takes an optimistic standpoint in this article in expressing the hope that no government in the future will dare to doom its country to certain annihilation by bringing about another war.

IS THERE good reason to hope that the war which has just ended may be the last? I am not temperamentally an optimist, but here I am hopeful.

The main cause of war is *fear*. President Theodore Roosevelt said: *"It is idle to make speeches and write essays against this fear, because at present the fear has a real basis. At present each nation has cause for the fear it feels. Each nation has cause to believe that its national life is in peril unless it is able to take the national life of one or more of its foes, or at least hopelessly to cripple that foe. The causes of fear must be removed, or they will at some future day bring about the same results, a repetition of the same awful tragedy."*

When I was at Berlin in 1911, as the guest of the famous publicist, Professor Hans Delbrück, my host said exactly the same thing.

Increased Fear

Well, now in consequence of the new atomic discoveries this well-grounded fear has been greatly increased, but it is no longer fear of defeat in war; it is fear of the almost certain result of war itself.

If there is another war, London and Berlin, with their inhabitants, will cease to exist.

Will any government dare to plunge its country into this horrible doom? If war and preparations for war are abolished, Europe may recover from its present almost desperate condition, and our children and grandchildren may look forward to happier times. Together with war we must get rid of the insane worship of the God-nation which makes it impossible for us to be good Europeans or good Christians.

One of the causes of war has been the swarming of some nation which finds itself short of the necessaries of life either by changes in the climate or by the pressure of unregulated population. The Arabs, Turks and Mongols may have been driven to attack their neighbours by the desiccation of their home lands.

Some modern nations, notably Japan, have been over-populated. But the swarming period of the European nations has come to an end; we have to expect a stationary or even a declining population.

It is true that raw materials are unequally distributed. We are told that 90 per cent of nickel comes from Canada. 94 per cent of potash from France and Germany, 70 per cent of petroleum from the United States, and so on. But it is only fear of being deprived of these materials in time of war that makes maldistribution a cause of war. In peace they are exported without hindrance.

There is, I think, an almost universal wish that the war could have been brought to an end without the use of Atom Bombs against two great Japanese cities. We have only to picture Bradford and Bristol, towns of about the same size, reduced to the condition in which Hiroshima and Nagasaki were left to realize the unspeakable horror of what has been done.

I am not qualified to discuss whether the new discovery can be turned to useful objects. Probably it can, but not, I think, for a great many years.

Desire for Power

War is not a necessity of human nature. Before the Bronze Age, we are told, there were no wars. Then there was a long period in which it was possible to extol war as a noble occupation. Even those who realize what an infinitely stupid thing it is have within themselves the instinct of pugnacity, and even of sadism, which brings a pleasurable feeling when it is gratified.

A whole nation, says the psychologist William Krown, may exhibit signs of paranoia, imagining itself encircled by enemies, and, developing intense egotism, desire for power, megalomania.

"I cannot conceive a more terrible situation," he wrote before the outbreak of the late war, "than that in which an aggressive and ambitious paranoiac should achieve leadership of a powerful and warlike nation, and infect his subordinates with a paranoid tendency aiming at world domination."

Even a peace-loving nation may be worked up into a fury. Before the crime of Sarajevo nobody in England was thinking of war.

But now every possible justification for war has disappeared. Because the whole population takes part in the war, the whole resources of the nation are involved. There are no victors in modern war; both sides are ruined almost equally. *Vae victis!* "woe to the conquered," was an old proverb. We may now say *Vae victorius*, "woe to the conquerors."

Girls working near St. Paul's find a quiet spot to read during lunchtime among the blitz debris where grass and wild flowers now grow.

Only from the Islands of the Outer Hebrides, where the Islanders ply their skilled and ancient craft, come the tough, hard-wearing Harris Tweeds. Woven by hand from virgin Scottish wool, Harris Tweed in all its variety of stylish shades and patterns is the tweed for people who "know about clothes."

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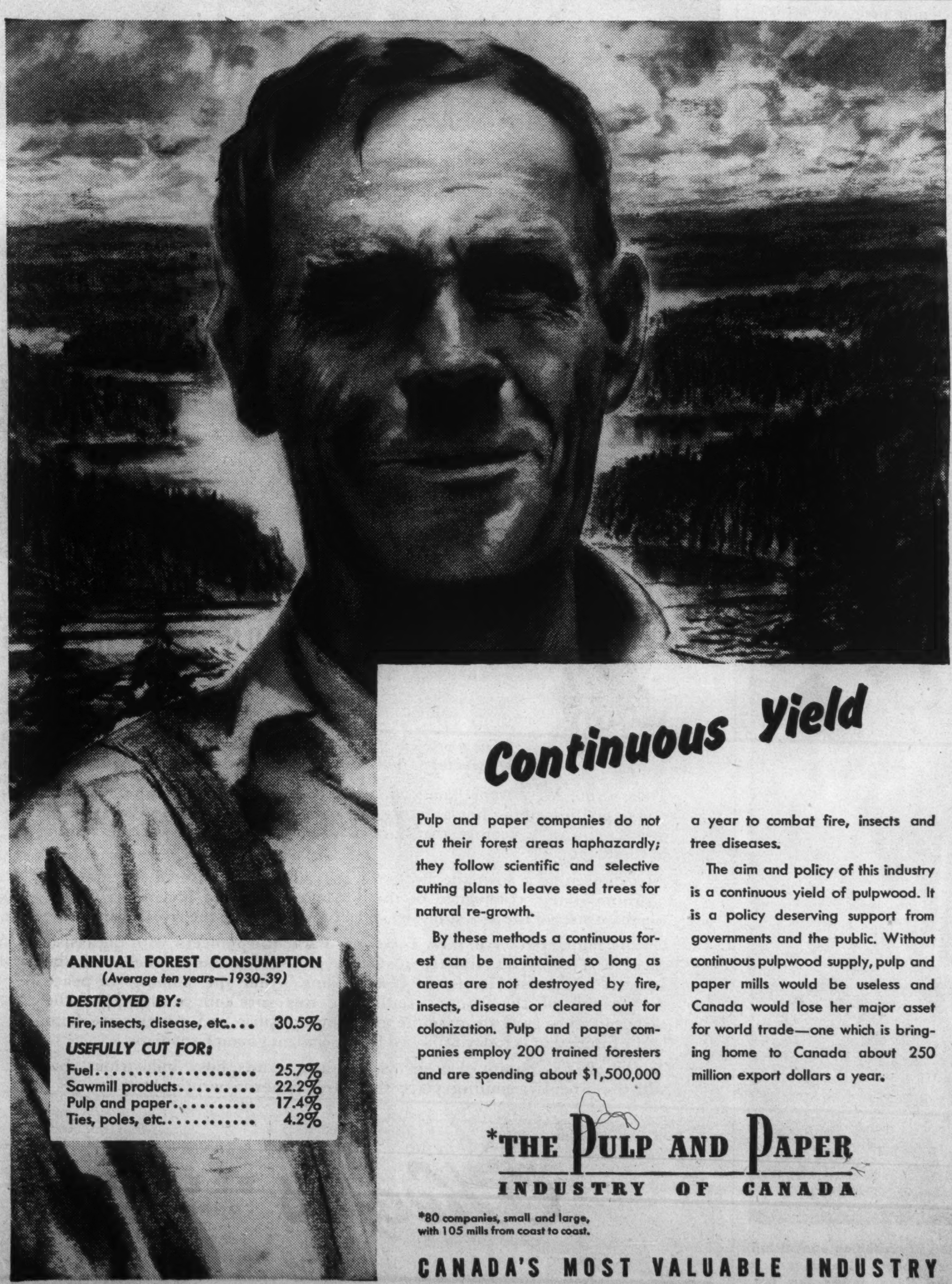


Continuous Yield

Pulp and paper companies do not cut their forest areas haphazardly; they follow scientific and selective cutting plans to leave seed trees for natural re-growth.

By these methods a continuous forest can be maintained so long as areas are not destroyed by fire, insects, disease or cleared out for colonization. Pulp and paper companies employ 200 trained foresters and are spending about $1,500,000 a year to combat fire, insects and tree diseases.

The aim and policy of this industry is a continuous yield of pulpwood. It is a policy deserving support from governments and the public. Without continuous pulpwood supply, pulp and paper mills would be useless and Canada would lose her major asset for world trade—one which is bringing home to Canada about 250 million export dollars a year.

ANNUAL FOREST CONSUMPTION
(Average ten years—1930-39)

DESTROYED BY:	
Fire, insects, disease, etc.	30.5%
USEFULLY CUT FOR:	
Fuel	25.7%
Sawmill products	22.2%
Pulp and paper	17.4%
Ties, poles, etc.	4.2%

*THE PULP AND PAPER INDUSTRY OF CANADA

*80 companies, small and large, with 105 mills from coast to coast.

CANADA'S MOST VALUABLE INDUSTRY

Atom Research Already Has Aided Medicine

By R. W. FOREST

Miniature atom bombs have been used in the treatment of cancer, diseases of the thyroid gland, bone tumors and blood diseases.

As Dr. Forest points out, cures have not been produced but there are strong prospects for improved methods of treatment through atomic energy.

THOSE who feel something approaching despair at the appalling destructive powers of the Atom Bomb may find some consolation in the fact that the cyclotron has been fruitfully used in biology and in the treatment of disease.

One of the most potent research instruments in the development of the Atom Bomb has been the cyclotron, popularly known as the atom smasher.

The cyclotron first saw daylight in California at the time of the great depression shortly after 1929. Quite recently a cyclotron was being built with a magnet weighing 4000 tons. At the beginning of the war the largest size had a magnet weighing 200 tons. This gives some measure of the advance that has been made.

The cyclotron is an apparatus for producing high-energy particles. One of the particles used is deuteron, or heavy hydrogen, which, in combination with oxygen, makes the "heavy water."

High-speed particles in the cyclotron are directed on to a target, and, so to speak, force their way into the atomic nucleus of whatever element in on the target. This makes the bombarded element unstable, or radio-active.

Cancer

By the cyclotron bombardment of various elements with the atomic particles known as neutrons, radioactive forms of nearly every element have been produced. Radium being so scarce and expensive, medical men early on became interested in the possibilities of treating cancer with the high-speed particles produced by the cyclotron and with the substances made artificially radioactive by it.

Beams of neutrons produced by the cyclotron have, in fact, been used in the treatment of cancer, giving results similar to but not better than those obtained by X-rays and radium. It should be emphasized, therefore, that the cyclotron has not produced a cure for cancer.

Another line of attack was opened up by the fact that certain organs of the body have a special affinity for certain chemical elements. For example, calcium and phosphorus enter largely into the composition of bone. Iodine is taken up almost exclusively by the thyroid gland for the manufacture of the thyroid hormone.

The idea occurred to someone that it might be possible to treat disease of the thyroid gland by giving the patient iodine that had been made radioactive by the cyclotron. This, so to speak, would amount to introducing microscopic atom bombs which would knock out disease cells in the thyroid gland.

One common disorder of this gland is known as Graves's disease in which the thyroid works overtime and the patient becomes pop-eyed and thin. Why not, someone thought, give such a patient radioactive iodine, with a view to knocking out some of the over-active thyroid cells, and thus avoiding the severe operation that is usually necessary.

This idea has, in fact, been carried into effect, with highly beneficial results. In time this method of treatment may make operation unnecessary.

Bone Tumors and Blood

Two other conditions attacked in the same kind of way are bone tumors and blood diseases. It was known that the element strontium is picked out by actively growing bone. So tumors of bone have been treated by giving patients radio-active strontium. Certain serious blood diseases in which there is a great excess of white blood cells have been treated with phosphorus made radioactive in the cyclotron. The possibilities of bringing radioactivity to bear in the very inside of the body cells in this way are immense.

The course of radioactive substances through the body can be traced, and in this way it has been possible to discover just what happens to various elements like calcium, phosphorus, iron and iodine when they are absorbed from the food we eat.

The cyclotron may have given us the atom bomb, but it has also helped the doctors.

Tars do lots of scrubbing aboardship, but water is plentiful and easy to get, as the Navy shows this lass.

Chatham, Ontario, painted by J. S. Hallam, A.R.C.A., O.S.A., after an early sketch in the John Ross Robertson Collection, Toronto Public Libraries.

"Chatham ON THE THAMES"

"The first view of the beautiful little town of Chatham made my sinking spirits bound like the sight of a friend . . ."

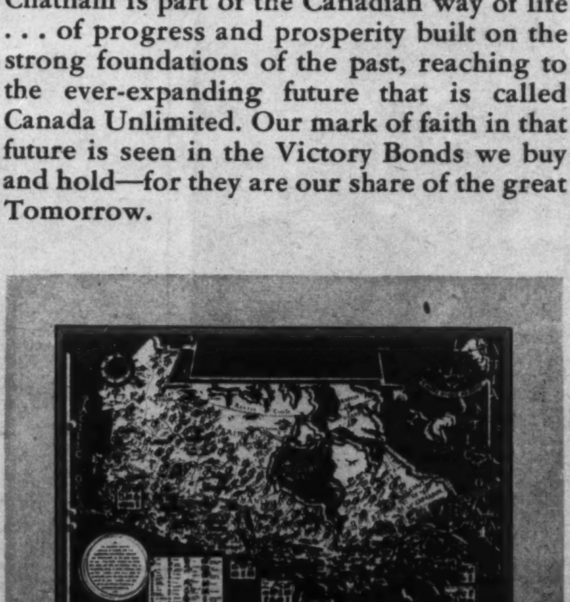
Thus wrote Mrs. Anna Jameson, well-known authoress of one hundred years ago, describing her arduous trip from Port Talbot. And in spite of the passing of a century, that aura of friendliness still greets the visitor to Chatham.

First chosen as a townsite by Governor Simcoe because of its strategic position at the confluence of the Thames River and McGregor Creek, Chatham started life as a shipyard and a blockhouse on the river's bank.

On the military reserve, now Tecumseh Park, the pioneers with the assistance of Tecumseh's Indians in October, 1813, gallantly defended the settlement against Harrison's Kentuckians. After the coming of peace the growth of the frontier settlement was sure and steady. Thus the early pioneers gave an example of fighting spirit and progressive faith in the future that is today followed by our gallant young Canadians.

Today, after a century of progress, Chatham stands, busy, industrious, but still the friendly, smiling place that Mrs. Jameson wrote about.

Chatham has contributed generously in fighting men, material, and financial resources to the winning of two world wars . . . and Chatham is part of the Canadian way of life . . . of progress and prosperity built on the strong foundations of the past, reaching to the ever-expanding future that is called Canada Unlimited. Our mark of faith in that future is seen in the Victory Bonds we buy and hold—for they are our share of the great Tomorrow.



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P221

The Gringo Respects The Bullfight Bull

By DALE TALBOT

Mr. Talbot, who has been writing for Saturday Night from South America, attended a bullfight in Caracas.

He left with respect for the bravery of the bull. The afternoon would have been better if just once the bull had had a turn and tossed one of the gold-braided toreros. This feeling, he says, is incomprehensible to the Latin mind.

WHEN I was in Caracas recently I went to a bullfight. It was a Sunday afternoon with the sun high in a blue Venezuelan sky and it seemed as if everyone in town was headed the same way. But as I moved along with the crowd I remember thinking that I was probably the only Canadian in all those laughing, jostling thousands.

At the stadium flags fluttered and a band played and vivid posters said that eight bulls would die. People crowded at ticket sellers' windows and I thought suddenly of Toronto's Maple Leaf Stadium on a bright June day with a double-header ball game scheduled. That's the sort of feeling that was in the air. Everybody was happy and good-natured and friends shouted "saludos" at each other.

My seat cost twenty-one bolivars, or about seven dollars in Canadian money. It was near the President's box and five rows from the front. There were other stalls behind, then tiers of seats like a baseball bleacher. Newcomers hunted anxiously for places and close at hand the band blared gaily. Starting time was near and someone was shouting for action. I hoped I would feel alright. I suddenly remembered a friend who saw a bullfight in Lima and who became sick, to the huge amusement of the Latin fans.

The band stopped suddenly, the crowd yelled and the toreros came into the ring. A torero is any bullfighter, from a humble apprentice sword valet to some veteran matador. They were all there, the picadores, the banderilleros and the matadores, the afternoon's performers on parade. Bowing gracefully they made their way around the sun-baked ring.

Then the ring was cleared except for the picadores who were going to work on the first bull. A picador, strictly speaking, is a mounted bullfighter, but horses are prohibited in Venezuelan rings so these men were on foot. A picador is poorly paid, a sort of stooge to his master, the matador, who will eventually kill the bull. He fights largely for the thrill and for experience because he hopes to be a great matador himself some day. But that seldom happens. A matador is usually the son of a matador. It is very much family business.

Enter the Bull

Three or four of these fellows placed themselves about the ring and waited for the bull. I watched the passage through which it would come and seconds later a door was opened at the far end. Daylight came briefly through then was blotted out by a great shape. The bull was on its way. It came snorting into the sun and the stands yelled their approval of the heavy black beast. In its back there were already four banderillas, bright little flags attached to darts. They anger the bull, make it fighting mad and the color of the flags reveal the stable from which the bull came.

The bull paused and the nearest picador got things going with his red cape. The bull made a quick experimental charge and the torero dodged the horns with all the grace of a dancer. His gold-braided friends went into action too, and the crowd roared its applause. From the sidelines the matador grinned approval. This was the business of the bullfight and from these stooges he was learning the tricks of this bull, finding out how it charged, discovering if it was one of those rare and dangerous creatures that realized the man was its tormentor and not the cape. When it was tired and ready to be killed he could do the job with a maximum of grace and daring and a minimum of risk.

The crowd was yelling again and I saw that one of the picadores had got himself into a nasty position between the bull and the wooden fence. With head lowered, the bull backed off slightly, its small, dull brain trying to reach some decision. But during these stupid moments of hesitation rescue came. The other picadores raced up. Capes swirled under the bull's very nose and for brief seconds it forgot the man by the fence and turned on the newcomers and the trapped man darted to safety.

The play went on. No matter where the bull went there was a picador following it or meeting it or waiting for it. If it evaded one it found another and the red capes turned it in circles. The crowd studied the toreros, seeing and approving and applauding the little fine things of the game about which the gringo knows nothing. Bullfighting is an art. It's not just a matter of turning a bull loose in a ring and killing it.

Ethics of the Game

A trumpet rang out crisply and the picadores dropped to one side. The banderilleros were coming and excitement heightened. In the centre of the ring the bull stood snorting and tired, glad to be briefly ignored.

Each banderillero has to plant two banderillas in the back of the bull. These are barbed darts, long for easy handling and gay with bright colored streamers. According to the ethics of bullfighting, the banderillas must be put in near the bull's shoulders. They must be thrust in, not clumsily thrown, and both must be planted simultaneously. In addition to doing this job to a nicety, the banderillero also has the personal assignment of avoiding sudden death, especially after the first couple of banderillas have been planted and the bull has come to a slow conclusion that he doesn't like them.

The first banderillero put himself in front of the bull. He posed tauntingly, standing on his toes like a ballet dancer, holding the banderillas above his head, points down, mocking symbols that the end was near. Then he ran gracefully forward, his gleaming silk and gold braid flashing in the sun. Down came the barbed banderillas and into the stupidly waiting back. Then the banderillero ran off amidst applause while the snorting bull galloped forward to be briefly flagged from one picador to another until it was posed and waiting again.

The next banderillero came forward and the performance was repeated except that the bull charged the man this time instead of waiting for him to run forward. But the final result was the same and the bull got two more banderillas into his back.

Finally the banderilleros were finished and the eight barbed banderillas flopped and little trickles of blood ran to the sand each time the bull's muscles heaved. Again the trumpet call, this time the signal for the kill, and the matador stepped forward in his gleaming gold braid and rich red silk.

This matador was a Mexican and he was pretty good. He knew what the crowd wanted and he gave it to them. He had mastered the bullfighter's repertoire and he knew all the tricks with the cape and all the ballet gestures that make such a good show. He taunted the bull, slapped its nose and made it charge several times while he knelt on the sand-covered floor. This is quite an impressive trick. The matador is severely handicapped in this position and it provides exciting moments.

The crowd got its money's worth. The Mexican flashed his cape again and again and with head lowered and horns tossing the bull did its stupid best to finish things his way. There were some narrow misses and more than once the bull was so skilfully provoked that it wheeled almost in its length and came back for a second time. Once this matador made it charge three times without pause and the crowd shouted madly. A bull tires easily and only an absolute master of the creature can urge it into this triple charge.

The bugle signalled the time limit and the crowd grew tense. Very soon this great black bull would die and I couldn't help feeling sorry. It was a stupid creature but it had been brave. I wished it could be turned free in recognition of the way it had fought. It also occurred to me that it mightn't be bad if the bull tossed one of these gold-braided experts just once. Both these thoughts are quite foreign to the Latin mind and entirely incomprehensible. It is only the gringo who thinks this way and the Latin shrugs it off easily. There are so many things that the gringo doesn't understand.

Before the matador kills the bull he plants two more banderillas. This was done in the same fashion as before and the bull received the barbed darts with the same dull surprise. It ran briefly amok and while the toreros were getting it in hand the matador went to the side of the ring and chose a sword from a tasseled cushion extended by his sword valet.

He placed himself in front of the bull and pointed this long, thin sword at it. His manner was one of amused nonchalance and contempt. It was almost as if he were saying, "You stupid bull! I am going to kill you!"

Ready for the Kill

The bugle rang out and with the sword concealed beneath his cape the matador made the final flourish. He held the cape low to keep the bull's head down and as it rushed on him he tip-toed as gracefully as the ballet-dancing banderilleros. The sword flashed and vanished to the hilt in the body of the bull. Its legs buckled, blood came from its nostrils and it fell instantly dead. It was a clean, quick kill. The sword had gone in at its shoulder and straight to its heart.

The crowd burst into applause and the band blared again. The smiling matador bowed to the crowd and to the President. The unimportant little figures of the bull ring appeared. They swept over the bloody spots in the ring, quickly preparing it for the next kill. Three gaily-harnessed mules came in at a rapid rate. They dragged the carcass out, as if it were unworthy of staying another instant in the sight of such a fine crowd.

From there on it was more or less a repeat. The picadores and banderilleros and matadores performed all through the bright afternoon. No one was hurt, although several times picadores discarded their red capes and professional dignity and vaulted to safety over the wooden sidewall. Not all the bulls died gracefully, some of them staggered about a bit; one was dispatched finally with the matador's dagger, and another was inconsiderate enough to die on a coat tossed into the ring by an excited spectator. At first, one bull refused to fight at all. It ambled around the ring pursued by frantic picadores and banderilleros who waved their capes and called it names. When the great man himself, the matador, fell in behind the assembly and did his professional best to make this unreasonable creature behave itself, one quick-witted Latin couldn't resist yelling "Por Dios, it's a parade!"

The great show finally finished and the eight carcasses were dragged off to provide meat for the poor. I left the stadium and sauntered away. Behind me I heard shouts coming rapidly nearer. The crowd had the Mexican matador on its shoulder and he swept along in triumph.

THE WORLD TODAY

Balkan Problems Again To Fore, Deadlocking London Conference

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

WITH the Polish and German problems dealt with at Potsdam, the one scarcely less harshly than the other, day by day reports from the London conference of foreign ministers have emphasized that the next most difficult problem of Europe is the Balkans. This rocky peninsula with its hardy peoples has proven that it retains all of its former importance as a cockpit of the powers' interests and ideals, by virtually bringing the conference to a deadlock.

Greece has had its full share of attention during the past year. The Left insurgents have retreated into the shadows for the time being, while the Monarchists are having things for the moment a little too much their own way. No one would claim that the present government is broadly representative; it is more of the "caretaker" variety. But there are to be elections soon, their fairness guaranteed by Allied observers, though the Soviets have not cared to take part in this.

Meanwhile the Regent, Archbishop Damaskinos, has been showing a laudable independence, and weathered a stormy, five-hour audience with the king in London, after informing him that it had been decided to leave the plebiscite on the crown until after the election of a parliament.

The situation in Bulgaria, too, has received considerable publicity since the Anglo-American diplomatic intervention, which achieved the postponement at the last minute of a typical single-list totalitarian "election", and since the return there recently of the Christian Science *Monitor's* well-informed and high-principled correspondent, R. H. Markham.

The most respected democratic and pro-Allied Bulgarian political figure, Dr. George Dimitroff, leader of the majority Peasant Party and with a clear record of opposing the war, has had to leave the country—and lucky to be able to do so, under American protection, after having been forced to take refuge in the U.S. Legation in Sofia. But the four cabinet ministers who resigned from the Fatherland Front Government just before the Allied intervention have been encouraged by this to reform the Peasant Party in opposition.

Opposition in Bulgaria

They have not yet been able to print a paper of their own, as promised, but have secured at least sufficient freedom, backed up by their courage, to address the following warning to the Prime Minister a few days ago: "Instead of freedom and civil rights, restriction of freedom and oppression of Bulgarian citizens in their towns and villages are increasing, under the incitement of Communists and the Agrarians remaining in the government."

"There are so many threats and acts of violence against Peasant Party members that some have been compelled to flee their homes. . . We warn you that if you do not guarantee the freedom and rights of Bulgarian citizens, and especially of Peasant Party members, we can only conclude that you are unable or unwilling to do so, and we shall feel obliged to appeal to the Allied Control Commission according to the armistice terms. . ."

The most interesting news from Bulgaria is, however, of something which has not happened, up to the moment of writing. That is the arrival in the country of another George Dimitroff, this one the former head of the Comintern, who had announced before the elections were cancelled that he was renouncing his Soviet citizenship, to return to take part in Bulgarian politics. It was fairly obvious that he had been cast to play the role which other Comintern stalwarts, Tito and Bierut, are playing in Yugoslavia and Poland.

Much less information comes out of Rumania. But it is known that King Michael took the bold step, three weeks ago, of dismissing the Groza Government installed on Vishinsky's flying visit last February, after calling on the American and British as well as the Soviet, Governments to supervise the formation of a new regime, according to the provisions of the Yalta Agreement.

But the Soviets, who appear to have sanctioned the postponement of the Bulgarian elections in some confusion, have proven much more sensitive to any Allied attempt to intervene in Rumania, whether or not this be in accordance with the agreement they signed at Yalta. The Groza Government has defied the king and remained in office, and Groza himself has been ostentatiously invited to Moscow, feted by Stalin and praised by the Soviet press.

In a press conference given in London Mr. Molotov has insisted bluntly that the present Bulgarian and Rumanian Governments were "democratic" and satisfactory to the Soviet Union, while he inferred that the Greek Government was neither.

Yugoslavia Most Deserving

At the very heart of the conflict of interest and ideals in the Balkans, however, lies Yugoslavia, and for two notable reasons. She was an ally, whereas Bulgaria and Rumania were enemies, and we feel that we owe her far greater consideration. (And Serbia was a very gallant ally in the last war, too.) And Yugoslavia lies on the dividing line between Russian and Allied spheres, apparently agreed upon at Teheran, but which Roosevelt and Churchill attempted to wipe out at Yalta in favor of joint Big Three responsibility for all liberated areas in Europe.

The present Yugoslav Government was set up by joint British and Russian action, Subasitch for the Croats, Milan Grol for the Serbs, and three other less representative figures proceeding from London, to join with Tito's Partisan Committee. Recognition of this government, it was expressly stipulated at Yalta, was to depend on its granting of free speech, a free press, and rights of free assembly and activity for opposition parties, as well as the formation of a provisional parliament by adding all former, uncompromised members of parliament to the Partisan Assembly.

These pledges have been ignored to such an extent that even a consistently pro-Tito paper like *The Nation* has run a despatch from its Belgrade correspondent entitled "Yugoslav Democracy, Limited". The sequence of events given below will present the situation in Yugoslavia in a nutshell.

On May 8, Mr. Churchill, who was the chief architect on our side of the policy of discrediting Mikhailovitch and arming and supporting Tito as the leader of Yugoslavia, wrote to King Peter that he "could not conceal from Your Majesty that events so far have disappointed my best hopes, and that there is much which is happening in Yugoslavia that I regret, but am unable to prevent." Immediately afterwards, while he was still Prime Minister, Churchill spoke of the "iron curtain across Eastern Europe, behind which a terrible tragedy is being enacted."

On July 2, President Truman wrote to Peter (though the communication was only published Sep-

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tember 15) that he was fully conscious of the heroic sacrifices made by the Yugoslav people, and was equally anxious that "in accordance with the principles of the Crimea declaration on Yugoslavia and liberated Europe, free representative institutions shall be established there by democratic processes."

On July 22, the famous leader of the Croatian Peasant Party, Matchek, whose position in Yugoslavia was so unique before the war that he was commonly referred to as "the uncrowned king of Croatia," gave an interview in Paris after escaping from his country where he had been interned by the Germans.

Matchek Speaks Out

He says bluntly that "Tito's regime is trying to introduce a complete Communist dictatorship. One thing is certain—it is just contrary to democracy. The Croatian Peasant Party is being considered as Enemy Number One in Croatia. . . I cannot understand why Subasitch and Sutej joined the Tito Government. They must have had certain guarantees of democracy." Shortly afterward the British Government gave Matchek a visa to visit London, after withholding this for many weeks.

In August King Peter denounced the Council of Regents which he had appointed last year, and the Tito-Subasitch Agreement. The BBC beamed the King's statement to Yugoslavia five times during the first day. Following hard on this Milan Grol resigned from the Tito Government. I am particularly interested in Grol because I happen to know him and to have visited in his home in 1939. My observation confirmed what I had heard of this leader of the Serbian Democrat Party. He lived in extremely modest circumstances, and was noted for never having touched any graft.

His motive in returning to Belgrade seems to have been the same as Mikolajcyzk's in returning to Poland: to try to do what he could to counteract the totalitarian trend. Now he admits that it was no use. He had been allowed no portfolio in the government, and often was not notified of cabinet meetings. A former editor, he could not secure the right guaranteed by Yalta to establish a democratic paper.

The next free voice to be raised was that of Zivko Topalovitch, head of the Socialist Party of Yugoslavia and President of the Central National Committee formed at a congress near Mikhailovitch's mountain headquarters, in December 1943. Now escaped to Rome, Topalovitch tells of "a minority ruling the country by armed terror, and continually less capable of pacifying or conciliating the opposition, so that it has come down to a struggle by the terrorists to save their own heads."

Socialists, Too

This socialist leader denounces the campaign to slander and discredit General Mikhailovitch, who still maintains an army under his command and is supported by "the great majority of the Serbian people." "Let the dictatorial regime present its false accusations against Mikhailovitch and his followers before the masses of the people, and hear the political verdict which the people will render." There is a fair challenge. So simple. Why doesn't Tito dare to do it?

Instead, he declares, Yugoslavia "is ruled by a dictatorial one-party Communist system, by the Communist Party's army, the party's police, the party's courts, the party's monopoly of the press, radio, education and political action. Under this system no opposition can express itself, *even though it represents a great majority of the people.*" When this system and this estimate of the extent of the opposition are substantially confirmed in *The Nation*, they must be accepted as credible.

Capping this sequence comes the report that Subasitch himself, though supposed to share with Tito the political leadership of Yugoslavia, and holding the position of Foreign Minister, is held under house arrest and for this reason was unable to go to the London Conference which is dealing with the vital interests of his country.

Last week in London the group of Yugoslav party leaders remaining in Britain, including Dr. Gavrilovitch, president of the Serbian Peasant Party, appealed to the Council of Foreign Ministers to supervise the formation of "a new government including all democratic parties and the Communists, as distinct from the present communistic government, with its political army and its totalitarian system tending towards the dictatorship of one man."

A stronger voice, if it could be heard, would be that of the 150,000 Yugoslav soldiers released from prison camp in Germany, who refuse to go home. Mostly simple peasants, with strong ties to their land and their families, they won't go back to Tito's "new" Yugoslavia. R. H. Markham spoke with one of them in Cairo, and I think this man's answers provide a better description of Serbia and the Serbs than an encyclopaedic article.

This poorly-dressed, thin, bashful man was a major who had escaped from prison camp in Germany, Markham tried him sorely by his attitude, in drawing him out. He asked him why he didn't join Tito's partisans; whether the Serbs were not fighting Tito more than they were the Germans; and if a people's revolution might not do Serbia good?

This set the major off. "Why? Why Serbia? We've had our revolution. We own our own little farms. There are no big landowners. We live in our own homes. We, ourselves, the people, have chased out foreign tyrants and our own domestic tyrants. We have almost no large cities. No big industry. Our church is a Serb church, wholly run by the people. It led the fight on a fascist government."

The Real Serbia

"Our army is a people's army—our officers ride third class! Our assembly, elected by the people, used to run Serbia. We called our cabinet ministers by their first names! There's no kowtowing in Serbia. The only revolution there could be, would be to enslave the Serb people. We won't accept that. We want democracy and freedom."

Markham said he wondered if the peasants of Serbia felt as the major did. "Of course, you're a nationalist, because you're an officer." This struck Major Yakitch as a joke. "I am a peasant," he cried. "We are all peasants. All of the people of Serbia feel as I do." "Well, if that's true, what will happen?"

"It is true, and I'll tell you what will happen. The Turks couldn't keep Serbs in slavery. The Hapsburgs couldn't keep Serbs in slavery. The Nazis couldn't enslave us. And neither can Tito. After three terrible years in prison I tell you as a Serb from Serbia that whatever the cost, we will be free."

Surely these are people worthy of our admiration and our help—just as worthy as when they stood in a suicide stand against Hitler in the dark days of the spring of 1941. There is still time, but only barely, to repair the tragic mistake we made in switching our support from the patriot Mikhailovitch leading the broad mass of the Serb nation to the totalitarian Tito.

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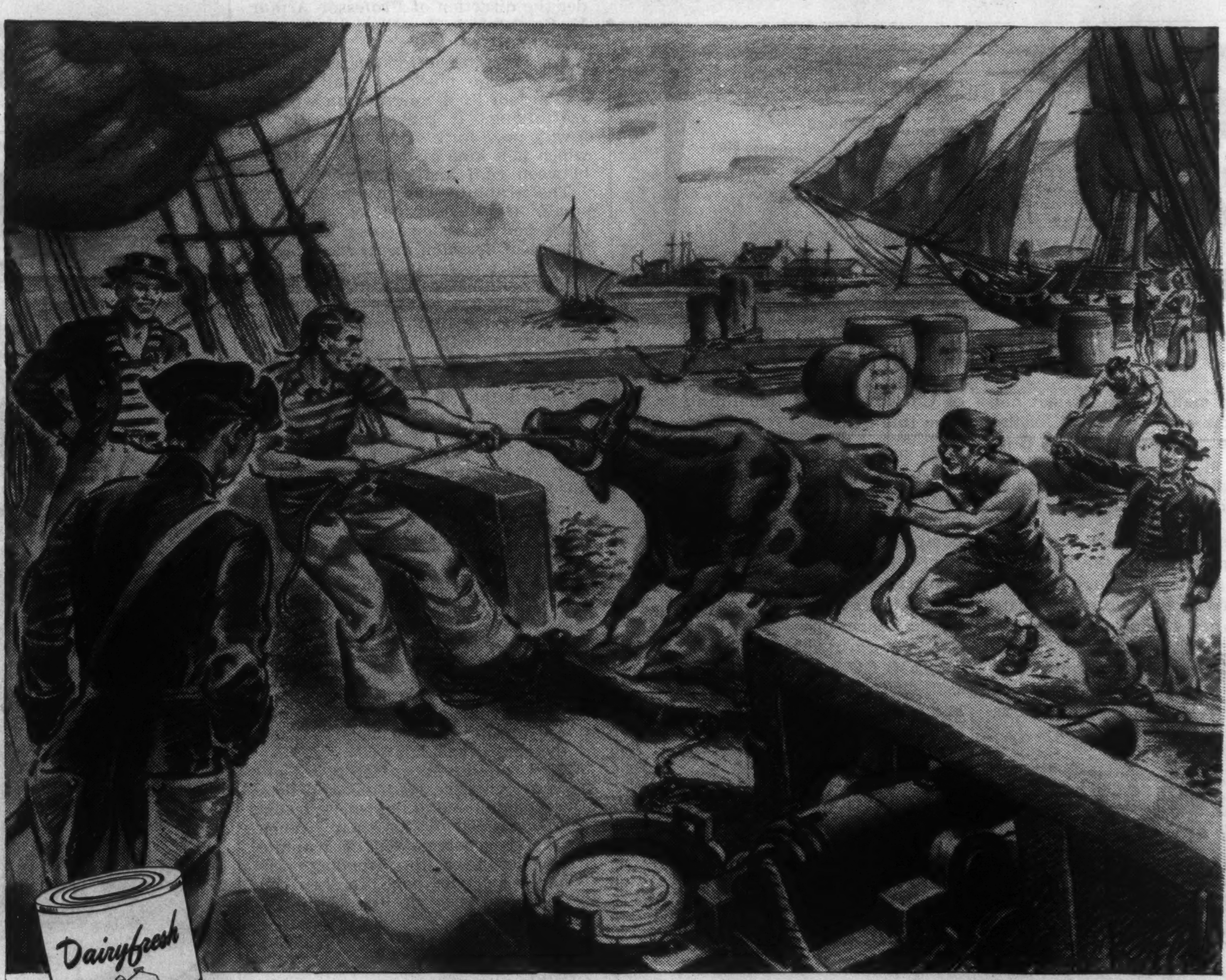

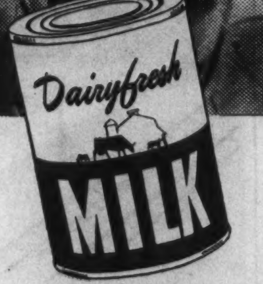

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THE old-time tobacconist was a personage. He discoursed freely on leafs and curing processes. His stock comprised plugs and cakes, sacked leaf and fragrant lengths of spun or twist to be clipped and shredded by hand. Cigars were kept for the "carriage" trade; snuff for the unconverted.

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THE SCIENCE FRONT

Science May Make Atom Energy In Industry As Submissive As Coal

By JOHN J. O'NEILL

AN INTERESTING preview of the application of atomic energy to peace-time purposes is obtained from the experiences of the scientists who sought to learn how to make uranium explode for military uses.

Theoretically uranium 235 or 239 should explode almost spontaneously with 2,280,000 times as much energy as an equal weight of TNT.

For a while, during the early secret researches, it looked as if, paradoxically, the extreme explosive nature of these uranium isotopes would prevent achieving an effective destructive explosion.

It appeared unavoidable that if a sufficiently large mass of uranium were assembled, large enough to permit the explosive-chain reaction to take place, the beginning steps of the blast would create a small explosion which would blow apart into small fragments the remainder of the uranium mass before the explosive-chain reaction could proceed through it to produce a single explosion of all atomic-energy material.

There is a critical size for a mass of uranium above which an explosion can take place in it and below which it merely gets hot.

The problem, therefore, appeared a simple one. It was only necessary to shoot into contact with each other two pieces of uranium of less than the critical size so that together they formed a mass above the required explosive dimensions.

But then came the next problem. Atomic energy processes take place with extreme rapidity, reactions being measured in millionths of a second. The explosion of the first few hundred atoms would not only shatter the remainder of the bomb into fragments smaller than the explosive size, but would transform the billions of billions of billions of atoms of uranium in the remainder of the bomb into a gas so widely dispersed it would not even get hot.

The scientists were very happy about this situation. If there was no solution for this problem it meant that uranium was so extremely explosive it destroyed its own explosiveness, and could not be used as a bomb for destructive purposes, and even assured its safety for constructive uses in peace time.

It was necessary, however, to bring every last resource of science to bear upon this problem to make sure whether or not it could be solved. If we failed to solve it some other country might succeed in finding a way out, and the result would be unpleasant.

This phase of the situation is described by Professor H. D. Smyth, of Princeton University, in his official report of the atomic bomb researches authorized by Major General L. R. Groves. Professor Smyth states that the solution was achieved, but what the solution was is still a part of the secret records.

Unwarranted Fears

The researches demonstrate that there is but slight foundation for the fears frequently expressed that when we start using uranium in commercial processes some terrible, devastating explosions may take place.

We are likely to discover that atomic-energy sources will be as docile as coal when we start using them for power purposes and can produce mass explosions only with the greatest difficulty.

How uranium was used as a heat producer in the experiments conducted at the University of Chicago under the direction of Professor Arthur H. Compton is described by Professor Smyth.

The atomic-energy heater looked like a large block of coal shaped like a door knob mounted on wooden scaffolding. It consisted mostly of a very pure form of carbon graphite, which is a kind of half-way material between coal and diamond.

The graphite was in the form of small, flat bricks. Each graphite brick had a hollow space in which a piece of uranium metal was placed. The bricks were laid in layers circular in shape so that the pieces of uranium metal were evenly distributed in space throughout the mass.

The total weight of the pieces of uranium in the mass was 12,400 pounds. This was enough material to permit the chain reaction to take place. It was expected to build the mass in the shape of a sphere, but the uranium was found more active than anticipated so the top was finished flat instead of rounded to a dome in order to have less active material in the mass.

The purpose of the graphite was to prevent the escape of neutrons coming from one exploding atom so that they would be available for exploding other atoms, also for slowing them down to an active state. A slowmoving neutron (a non-electrified sub-atomic particle) explodes a Uranium 235 atom, and many more neutrons come out of the exploded atom which forms the basis of the chain reaction.

The Uranium 238 in the metal absorbs a lot of the neutrons and does not explode, and a lot more ordinarily escape out of the metal. When the metal is surrounded by graphite it bounces back the escaping neutrons at a slower pace, so they can be used to keep up the chain reaction.

Simple Control

If this pile of uranium were without controls its action could build up to a tremendous maximum and produce a very destructive fire. It was controlled in a very simple manner, by applying one of those seemingly very abstract and very useless observations made by scientists a half-dozen years before.

It had been observed that certain substances like cadmium, a metal closely related to zinc, had a strong affinity for neutrons. If a neutron came near an atom of one of these substances the atom seemed to reach out with some attractive force, hundreds and even thousands of times as far as it exhibited other properties, to attract the neutron which it would then absorb into its nucleus.

This proved to be the basis for a very simple control of the atomic-energy process in the uranium-graphite pile. Slots were left in the pile for inserting slabs of cadmium so they formed barriers between layers of the metal.

When they were in position in the pile they absorbed neutrons so fast that the chain reaction could not take place. When just one of the cadmium slabs was left in position dividing the pile in halves, the atomic-energy process died down to almost zero activity. Pulling out the last slab by small distances gave excellent control, so that the activity could be built up or slowed down to any degree desired.

Many other controls were developed so that a great deal of pioneering work has been done to make atomic-energy processes available for peace-time activities.

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THE FEROCITY OF BANKS

THERE is something about banks. For one thing, banks, of all semipublic buildings, most closely resemble penitentiaries. They are barred with saw-resistant steel, like prisons. Uniformed men carrying ostentatious weapons stand about the premises. Cashiers and various other functionaries operate cautiously from behind bullpens. In banks, one is always aware of secret electrical devices on the qui vive. The false move of a customer—a look in the wrong direction or a too-quick snatch at a handkerchief—may set alarms clangoring, whistles blowing, and guards shooting—as in the case of escaped convicts. These are prison attributes. And even though it is only money that has been incarcerated with such solemn ferocity, persons like myself, aware that the money belongs to us, suffer from a sense of at least partial imprisonment of ourselves.—Philip Wylie in the *Saturday Review of Literature.*

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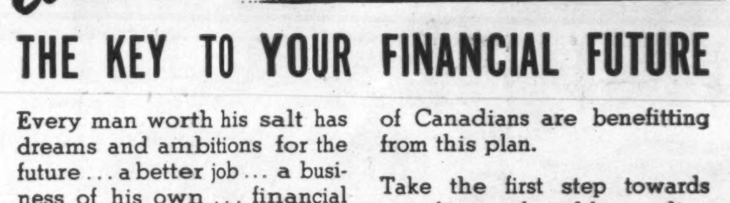

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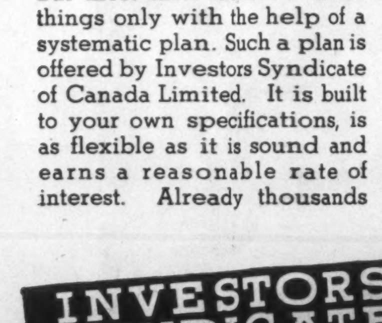

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The Enemy Wasn't Far Behind Us In Radar

By JOHN LEWIS

Except for an accident and Hitler's intuition, Germany's radar development might have outreached our own efforts.

The Japanese also weren't losing any time with this vital asset of war although they didn't progress as far as the Germans.

The writer, who is a radio specialist, outlines the enemy's experience with radar.

"ANYONE inclined to laugh off Japanese radar is a likely candidate for trouble. Such is the sobering implication of recent discoveries," a high-ranking U.S. radar officer confessed in October, 1944.

The truth can now be told that both Japs and Germans have had very useful radar apparatus, and in many cases it was touch-and-go. Our espionage system, for instance, learned that in December 1943 a series of highly-secret lectures on radar were given to Japanese pilots of the Yokosuka Naval Air Group. And these secret lectures even made reference to radar tactics used by the Allies over Hamburg!

Not only did the Japs try to build radar as good as our own, but they spent two years on research for a device which would jam our radar network. One Jap system encountered in the Pacific area was nicknamed "Gizmo" by a Marine Corps radar unit—and it was very soon discovered that the Gizmo was in fact a radar reflecting apparatus carried on a balloon. It did not deceive our radar men. The Japs employed two noticeable tactics with their Gizmos, usually involving two planes. One plane would make its bombing run, drop its bombs and leave. As it left another aircraft would come in and release its Gizmos, either altogether to simulate a large attacking force, or singly to make it appear that the sky is dotted, beyond the horizon, with a number of Jap fighters.

Our operators soon found that in general Gizmos were not big enough to produce a radar echo looking anything like a genuine aircraft. They drifted with the wind, remained airborne for about three quarters of an hour, and seemed to be just a gas-filled balloon carrying a radar reflector. As some of these fake Gizmo aircraft disappeared suddenly off our radar television screens, it seemed possible that many of the balloons were fitted with an explosive charge, with a delayed-action fuse that worked after some 45 minutes.

Wide Use by Japs

It can now be revealed that quite apart from an effective radar ground chain of stations defending every military post from Truk to Tokyo, Jap aircraft, fighters and bombers, as well as Jap armored ground units, gun-posts and Naval stations were equipped with radar.

All airborne Jap radar equipment had a strong resemblance to American equipment. One type of radio set in Jap aircraft was identical with that made for the U.S.A.A.F. by the Fairchild Aerial Camera Co., and these sets were used by the Japs in fighter aircraft to direct them to a rendezvous with enemy aircraft. It was a very good set controlled entirely by push-buttons and one knob and weighed only 15 pounds.

Every piece of radar gear we have sent to the Pacific front has been carefully protected against fungus and the effect of humid air. But even the best Jap radar apparatus has had no protection against tropical ills. Early in 1943 Jap scientists brought out their "Type 3, Mark 1" aircraft radar transmitter and receiver—a large outfit weighing 80 pounds and having a range of about 100 miles. British and American scientists admit that it was excellent in electrical and mechanical design, but it lacked any sort of weatherproofing or fungus protection. Absence of such important details helped Japan to lose the radar war.

The Nazis made no such errors. In a German broadcast to Britain on March 31, 1944, the Nazi High Command claimed: "Anglo-American attempts to destroy the effectiveness of the German electric pylons have failed completely. Pylons function according to the echolot process. Night fighters employ the same methods. In fact the whole of Germany is enveloped by a close network of echolots so that each single machine, let alone formation, is under constant observation . . ."

"Authorities differ on German radar," said an Allied radar expert only six weeks later. "One view is that expressed above, by Germany; Another was found in the captured files of an Italian base commander: 'It must be borne in mind that in technique, organization and experience of the use of radio-location, the Allies have arrived at a state of progress notably superior to that being attained by Germanic means'."

On the whole, German radar ran about a year behind that of the Allied nations. Most captured German equipment was not technically up to our standard.

Luftwaffe Stupidity

We know now that this was due to the stupidity of a Luftwaffe transport pilot who had to take Hitler to a secret destination by air in bad weather. He flew blind by radar, and arrived at the wrong airfield, from that moment Hitler's untrained "intuition" was turned against radar, and he refused to let any high degree of priority apply to factories or laboratories working on radar for the Luftwaffe. Nevertheless, early in the war Germany managed to cover herself with radar warning stations. When the Allies' daring paratroop and Commando raids were made on the then-dreaded "Fortress Europe", it was the German radar network that was feared, not the Nazi-trained Panzer bloodhounds, the secret rocket guns or any other hush-hush means of defence.

Germany had four main radar systems—*Freya*, for warning, *Wurzburg*, for controlling her night fighters against our bombers, *Hohentwiel*, for spotting our submarines, and *Lichtenstein*, installed in German night-fighters and bombers to spot our own night-fighters.

Freya (named for the Norse Goddess of love and beauty) looks like a bedspring sitting on a box. Scattered in considerable numbers over the coastlines, islands and inland areas, it was the basic German warning outfit.

You have read many stories of Typhoons and Mustangs going in low to attack trains, oil-storage tanks, and to shoot up "military targets". Those targets were *Freyas*. Often we smashed and shot up as many as 35 a day, and the German repair squads could not keep pace.

Freya is one of the oldest German radar systems, and was working in 1939. Several other common variants were the "Hoarding" and the "Chimney", from the shape of their aerials. *Freya* couldn't work alone. Its job usually was to spot our aircraft at about 25 miles away, plot them in and then hand them over to the German "Waafs" and other operators working on the *Wurzburgs*.

At one time we knew Germany had 1,000 *Freyas* working. Most of them were smashed, shot-up, raked with rocket-fire or bombed in time for D-Day. Many of these *Freyas* had been built in the Zeppelin works at Friedrichshafen, and some were sold to the Italians who renamed them "*Felino*." About a year later the Italians discovered that the Germans had sold them only their older equipment, and in some anger they decided to make their own radar gear at a factory near Turin; but they had no time to do this before they surrendered.

Wurzburg was not a very well-kept secret of the war. Many returning air-crews, particularly the Americans, talked of the *Wurzburgs* which they knew were directing by radar from the ground the night attacks on their missions. But the proper name for *Wurzburg* is the complicated German phrase *Flakmessgerat 39-T*. This comes from the words *Flugzeug - Abwehr - Kanone - Messgerat* (aircraft-defence-cannon-measuring device).

Rapid Progress

The first *Wurzburg* came out in 1940 and was variously used for searchlight control, A.A. fire control, height-finding and ground control of German fighters against our bombers. There were two main types, the Giant and Dwarf—the Giant having a dish-shaped aerial nearly 24 feet across. The famous German concern of Telefunken built most of the *Wurzburgs*, and at one stage there were about 2000 in operation. What was far worse, they were being made at the rate of about 100 a month. A few more months and Germany would have been covered with a radar network that would have made it almost impossible for our bombers to get through. But our bombers went in one night and smashed the Telefunken shadow factories. From that famous night, the *Wurzburg* had, in Air Force slang, most definitely "had it".

At one stage in the war we were suffering a severe toll in our shipping from Ju-188's, Dorniers and He-177's. Then we discovered that the cause was not the efficiency of the aircraft but the smart working of a portable airborne radar set the *Hohentwiel*. The type 200 was first used against our convoys, and when the Luftwaffe experimented with "guided missiles" (radio-controlled bombs) they were able to watch the effect by means of a later airborne radar set known as the FUG-213. In their first year these sets were successful—and then British scientists perfected their own A.S.V (air-to-surface-vessel radar), accurate enough to spot U-boats even before they surfaced. From that moment *Hohentweil*, too, had "had it".

At the start of the war, Germany had no air-borne radar for her pilots and navigators. She was then four years behind us, but pulled up rapidly when her scientists "invented" the A.I. (aircraft-interception) *Lichtenstein*. It was really a clumsy copy of the R. A. F.'s very first airborne set. Its aerials reduced the fighter's speed by about 15 miles an hour, it could detect our fighters at not much more than 10 miles distance, and the navigator could not get a direct television picture, as in American and British equipment, but had to strive to watch three miniature screens at once!

We soon found that *Lichtenstein* was a failure—and without the eyes of radar even the Luftwaffe's best night-fighters were a failure, too.

We smashed up the *Freyas* and the *Wurzburgs*, we invented better radar equipment than the *Hohentweil* and the *Lichtenstein*. And so we beat Germany, just as we have beaten Japan. Was it because we had better scientists, better luck; or was it Providence? Or must we place the entire Axis radar failure on to Hitler and his faulty intuition?

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THE WEEK IN RADIO

Mercer McLeod is a Man of Parts; Writer, Narrator and Actor

By FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

HAVE you ever been guilty of tuning in to a program you didn't recognize and of saying to yourself, if not aloud to your wife, "It must be a network program from the United States. It's too good to be Canadian". If you have never committed such an offense, you are a far better listener than I. Indeed, a far better Canadian perhaps.

When I first heard Mercer McLeod's *"The Man With The Story"*, broadcast over a Toronto station, CJBC, the program was completely unknown to me, and I must confess that I considered it such a fine broadcast my first thought was "It must be an American program." Of course it was a silly thing to say. There is no good reason why a Canadian program shouldn't be even better than anything of its kind originating across the border.

When the program signed off, its title was given. Also the name of the writer and narrator. Then, in a modest sort of way the announcer said that Mercer McLeod not only wrote the story, but was the narrator, and played the two or three male roles in the play himself. As if that wasn't remarkable enough, the announcer went on to say that Mr. McLeod's wife played all the female roles in the play. I have forgotten whether it was two or three different parts.

New York Interested

Such a program deserved favorable comment, and I made it, and continued to listen to the program each week. I heard nothing more about Mercer McLeod and his broadcast until last week when the New York Daily Broadcaster, a trade paper, announced that the Radio Corporation of America had arranged with Mercer McLeod, of Toronto, to write, produce and act in, a series of 78 transcribed broadcasts which would be sold as commercial features to radio outlets of the N.B.C. in the United States.

Talking to McLeod a few days ago I found out that N.B.C. sent one of their best producers to Toronto to assist in "streamlining" the program, the first batch of records has been made and WEAF, New York, has bought the first show and wants more of them. A publicity man from N.B.C. visited McLeod and has written his story for American papers. Broadcasting people who should know have said that McLeod's series of stories are on a par with those of John Nesbitt, whom I regard as one of the best story-tellers in American radio and the moving picture industry.

"It's a wonderful break for me", was all Mercer McLeod could say. He is quite flabbergasted at the good fortune that has come to him. It's more than likely he will be asked to write for Hollywood as well. The Canadian Marconi's new show "Stardust Serenade" quickly invited him to be one of their Sunday night guests. The C.B.C. is probably looking upon their actor-writer with a little awe, because not many on the C.B.C. realized how good McLeod's Sunday night program really was. Vancouver listeners will be happy to learn of his success. It was on the west coast that McLeod and his wife got their first start in radio.

Crime as Entertainment

Canadian radio actor Austin Willis was holding forth the other day on the tremendous new popularity of programs like "The Gangbusters" and "Mr. District Attorney". I had to confess that these blood-and-thunder programs weren't on my list of favorite programs, although I was prepared to admit that no doubt lots of people liked them. Willis contends that the listeners have heard so much propaganda, and so many plays of social significance during the past six years, they are longing for shows of pure entertainment, fun, and thrills. Willis, like several New York psychiatrists interviewed on the subject, believes that parents shouldn't lose any sleep worrying about the nightmares Little Johnny might have after an evening of listening to crime broadcasts. The horror plays on the air shouldn't be blamed for any crime wave, the experts say.

The Orchestras

More than anything else, the listener wants to know what's new in the fall and winter programs, and where and when can he hear his favorite program. Take the popular Boston Symphony Orchestra, for instance. It's coming back on the air on Saturday, Oct. 6, with Dr. Serge Koussevitzky conducting, and each program will last one hour.

Of more than usual interest is the "Ford Sunday Evening Hour", opening Sunday, Sept. 30, from 8 to 9 p.m. The managing director of these shows is William J. Reddick, whose first radio engagement was as orchestrator for the "Eveready Hour". Later he worked on the "Swift Hour". In 1937 he was engaged as music consultant and director for the "Ford Sunday Evening Hour". He also planned and directed the "Telephone Hour". His present task is to plan the programs, engage the artists and conductors and select the chorus for the new series of broadcasts. Gladys Swarthout is the first guest artist to be heard.

Schoolteachers all over the country will have a special interest in the new series of "School of the Air", to be broadcast by C.B.S., starting Oct. 1, at 5 p.m. The C.B.C. has a special interest in this series (heard Mondays through Fridays over 30 weeks) and if teachers want any further information concerning them, R. S. Lambert, who used to be heard in "Old Country Mail", is now the educational director of the C.B.C. and is ready to help listening groups.

The Stars Are Back

Tuesday nights are getting back to normal now, with Bob Hope and Hildegarde already back, and Fibber McGee and Molly due on Oct. 2. Ginny Simms has a new show of her own on Fridays at 7.30 p.m. Friday is Kate Smith night, too. She moved from Sunday night to Friday at 8.30 after quite a tussle to compete with the Jack Benny show. I hope you are listening to the Theatre Guild dramas on Sunday night at 10; and Helen Hayes on Saturday nights. Make a note, of course, of the return of Fred Allen on Sunday, Oct. 7 at 8.30 p.m.

These are of interest in the Canadian radio scene: Mary Grannan's "Children's Scrapbook" will now be heard Saturdays at 12.30 and Thursdays at 7 p.m. . . John Fisher has a new series on Sunday nights at 8.45 p.m. promoting the Victory Loan. . . Toronto station CKEY has been given permission to carry network programs of the N.B.C., A.B.C., Mutual and the Dominion network. . . There is talk that one of the Toronto radio stations is to have its wave-length moved again. . . The Toronto Technical School is conducting a course in radio broadcasting this fall. . . The C.B.C. has been re-broadcasting a series of three noteworthy dramas on Wednesday nights. . . "Canadian Cavalcade" has started its new series, and will be heard Mondays instead of Thursdays. . . Victory Loan shows are provisionally set for Oct. 17, 21, and 31, and Nov. 7, with some of the guest stars sure to be Alec Templeton, Ralph Bellamy, Thomas L. Thomas, Alan Young and Percy Faith.

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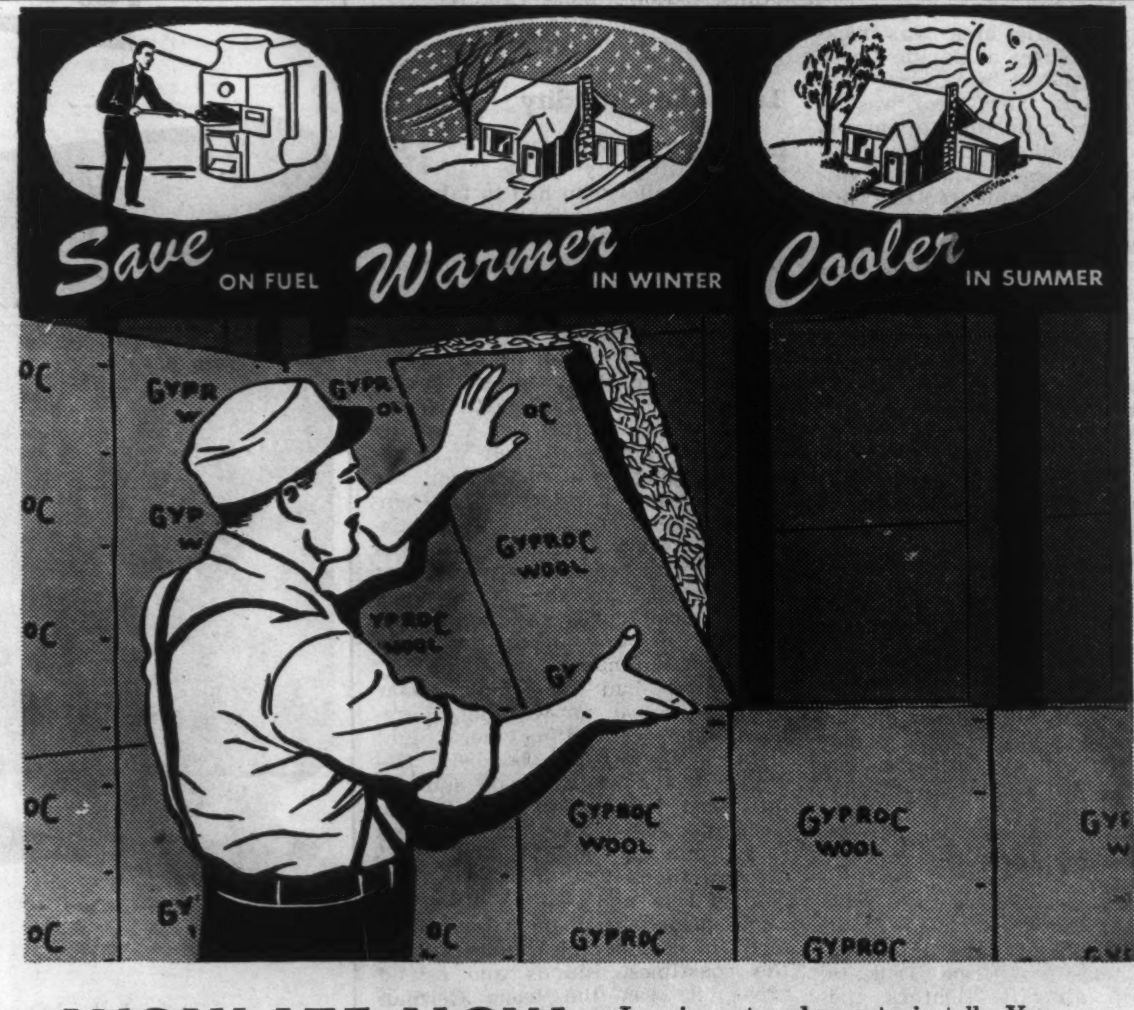

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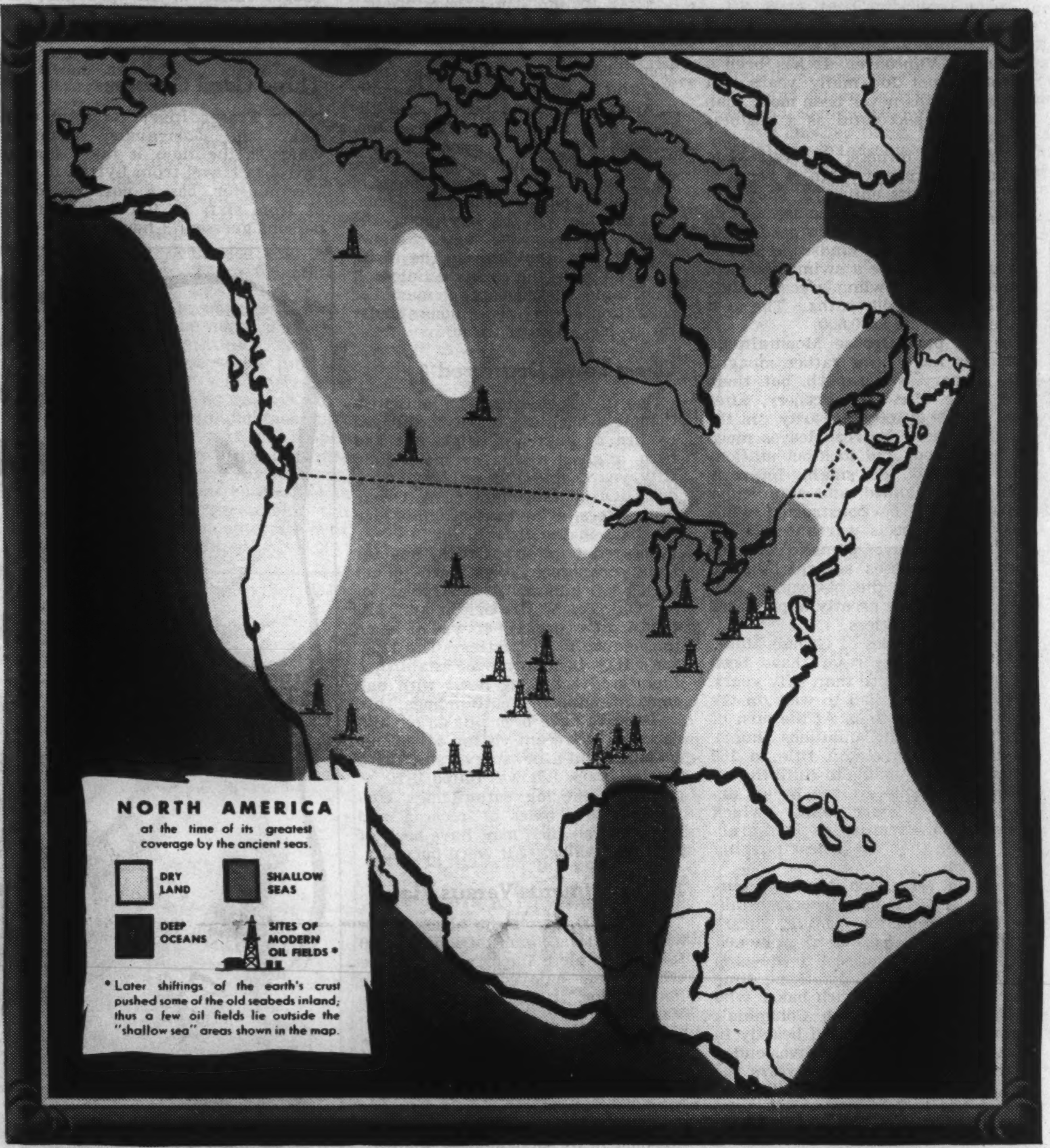

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Through long ages, vast quantities of silt and the remains of marine plant and animal life settled on the old sea floors. As time rolled on and on, a miracle happened. The silt turned to rocky layers of shale, limestone and sandstone . . . the fatty parts of the dead sea plants and animals turned into the substance we now call crude oil! Then still another miracle took place. The earth beneath the seas began to heave and rise. Pushing back the waters, it threw up the old seabeds, with their layers of rock and oil, to form hills and plains and mountains—and mould our continent to the shape it has today.

If you look again at the map, you will see how this ancient invasion of the seas left us underground stores of oil. The famous Turner Valley, the Mackenzie River basin, the oil sands of Alberta—all once formed the beds of ancient seas. So, too, did the still-producing oil lands around Petrolia in Ontario. Today, wherever oil is found in Canada, Imperial Oil drillers lead the way in bringing it above ground where it can serve the nation's needs. And year after year, Imperial Oil scientists devote their full-time efforts to exploring the sites of the ancient seas for new oil to meet new needs—and add new treasure to Canada's national wealth.

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This message is the second of a series; the next advertisement will tell how geologists search ancient seabeds for the oil we use today.

BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

New Owners Will Spend $500,000 To Popularize Grouse Mountain

By P. W. LUCE

FIVE hundred acres of the top of Grouse Mountain have been sold by the district of North Vancouver for $75,000. The deal includes a chalet and outbuildings, skiers' run, several miles of road, and, most important, a tollgate.

Grouse Mountain plateau is less than an hour's run from the business centre in Vancouver. It has been a favorite spot for many years, but the chalet has never been more than moderately successful as a business venture.

The new owners, Marvell Construction Company, plan to remodel the place in its entirety. They will build a new chalet and a score of de luxe cabins, with sunken gardens to add variety to the landscape. Added attractions will be a swimming pool, tennis courts, bowling greens, riding stables and bridle paths. The cost is estimated at $500,000.

In the past Grouse Mountain attractions have been rather meagre. The scenery was superb, but there was little else. And scenery, after all, is not exactly a rarity on the Pacific Coast. The road leaves much to be desired, and look-out stations are few and too small. Improvements are planned, and a funicular railway may be constructed when business prospects warrant it.

North Vancouver plans to set aside for park purposes several hundred acres adjoining the plateau, a gesture that will be greatly appreciated by hikers and skiers.

The potentialities of Grouse Mountain as a holiday resort have been recognized for more than fifty years, but development had to wait on the growth of population. At the turn of the century an ambitious homesteader tried to obtain title to 160 acres, but was unable to fulfil the required conditions exacted by an unsympathetic government, which looked on his venture as land-grabbing rather than an honest farming proposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Munday, outstanding B.C. mountaineers, established a camp for paying guests about 25 years ago, but they lacked the financial resources to develop the venture adequately. Some time later W. C. Shelly, a rich baker who was for a time British Columbia's finance minister, invested heavily in a development plan which was ended by the depression. Of late years the chalet has been operated by the District of North Vancouver and by the Vancouver Tourist Association.

Afraid of Racketeers

British Columbia cattlemen, fearful that meat rationing may bring about black market conditions that will tempt racketeers to help themselves to fat steers roaming the range, have asked Attorney General Pat Maitland to tighten up the Brand Inspection Act. They suggest that men who have worked as cowboys be named inspectors, and they stigmatize the usual brand inspection by the average provincial policeman as a farce.

There has always been some cattle rustling in the province, but it has not been done on a business scale since the days of railroad construction, when there was a ready market, and no questions asked, in many a work camp. The buyers and the rustlers worked in cahoots, and convictions were rare.

Poor homesteaders, hungry for meat, occasionally butcher a steer in the woods, bury the hide, and conceal the meat in the hay mow. The ranch owner, who never knows exactly how many animals he owns, does not miss the creature unless it has some distinguishing mark or coloration, and the homesteader rarely picks one of these.

Ghost Town Destroyed

One of the oldest towns in British Columbia has been totally destroyed by fire of unknown origin. It had been a ghost town for more than fifty years, and had only two residents, Otto Palmer and E. A. Owen, prospectors, who lost all their belongings in the fire.

Located on Perry Creek, not far from Cranbrook, the place didn't even have a name. It was spoken of as "Old Town." Its origin and history are obscure, but it was of some importance in the sixties. The Hudson's Bay Company was established there, and a big log hotel with balconies, and some outbuildings, are believed to have been put up by that concern. A recent visitor to the hotel pulled out a newspaper stuffing a mortar crack. It was dated 1876.

One of the log outbuildings contained many bales of records and newspapers which may have been of historical value. All were burned.

100 Apartments Versus View

A $750,000 apartment block which will provide accommodation for 100 families is more important than the scenic view enjoyed by a private householder, in the opinion of the Vancouver City Council. The question was decided when Mrs. L. L. Bently failed in her protest against the erection of a six-storey building in Shaughnessy Heights which will block her view of Burrard Inlet.

Commercial buildings have been creeping in on Shaughnessy Heights, once the premier residential section of Vancouver, but not now so highly regarded. The houses are, in many cases, too large for comfort in these days of servant scarcity, and the taxation on large lots is decidedly heavy.

The new apartment block will pay $17,000 annually in taxes.

Record Salmon Pack

British Columbia's salmon pack for 1945 may reach the gratifying total of 1,400,000 cases, the heaviest in six years. A fair proportion of this is expected to be available for home consumption, though most will still go overseas. The 1944 pack was a little short of 1,100,000 cases, as against 1,183,386 cases already packed early in September. Of these 321,542 cases were sockeyes, which ranks first in consumer choice. There were 629,119 cases of pinks.

The pilchard pack is disappointing, not much more than a quarter of what it was in 1944, when 24,667 cases were packed, and that was only half of the previous year's record.

Bounty on 300 Cougars

Cougars have invaded the residential district of West Vancouver, to the alarm of housewives and children. It is rare for these great cats to attack human beings, but when cornered they are formidable fighters. At least nine cougars are known to have come down from the mountains behind West Vancouver this fall, and four of these have been shot, two of them when raiding a chicken coop. These weighed around 125 pounds.

Small dogs and cats, as well as poultry, are favorite cougar food. There is no known reason why the pests should have come so far below their usual haunts this year, for there is no shortage of deer and other wild animals higher up the mountains.

There is a bounty of $15 on every cougar killed in the province, and in the first eight months of this year $4500 had been paid out by the game department.

Three Good Guesses

The Fraser River Barrel Sweepstake, the determining factor of which is the time it takes for the barrel to travel from Lytton to New Westminster, has a possible spread of from sixty to 100 hours. Three persons guessed 73 hours and 13 minutes, and were only one-fifth of a second out. They split the combined first, second, and third prize money —$2750.00.

There's Quite a Difference

The oldest mineralogist on this continent, J. F. Bledsoe, recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday in Victoria, still hale and hearty. Eighty-five years ago he started collecting and polishing curious stones, and has kept up this hobby ever since. Part of his large collection is on permanent loan at the Provincial Museum.

Mr. Bledsoe retains a firm faith in the prophecy of a palmist whom he consulted when a young man. She assured him that he would be shot or hanged, or live to be a hundred!

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THE LONDON LETTER

"ENSA" Tried to Please Everyone But Now Everyone Seems Cross

By P. O'D.

ONCE the big war is over, the small wars begin. Once the shadow of the hawk has been lifted from the barnyard, the chickens start settling their private feuds. Some of them not so private—the present very lively controversy over "ENSA" for instance, its work, its management, and what it did with all the money it got.

During the war there was no public criticism of ENSA. Privately one heard plenty of stories of the deplorably low level of entertainment frequently provided by that huge organization, low artistically, and, even sadder to relate, low morally. Very, very "blue," in fact. But publicly there was nothing to suggest that all was not working harmoniously on the Drury Lane Front, where Mr. Basil Dean was waving his marshal's baton and directing his far-flung campaign against the forces of boredom.

Now the war is over, and there seems to be no patriotic reason why skeletons should be allowed to lurk in theatrical closets. So by the dozen they are being dragged out and made to prance in the public gaze in a startling and far from edifying manner. ENSA Directors are resigning right and left. The correspondence columns of the newspapers are full of letters of protest and explanation, of attack and defence. A public enquiry is being demanded and will perhaps be held. There is nothing private about this fight.

The chief of the charges against Mr. Dean is that he adopted a completely dictatorial attitude, that he insisted on doing everything himself, and that as a result things were not done very well, that he was too much swayed by loyalty to old theatrical friends, that there was no proper planning, no effective control, no discipline. As a result, say his accusers, public money was wasted and, what was much more regrettable, the troops did not get the entertainment they deserved and wanted.

Naturally, there is a good deal to be said on the other side, and it is being said—with megaphones! It is clear that a large organization had to be built quickly and from the ground up. Almost everything had to be improvised. Theatrical folk were dragged in from everywhere—some very good, some not so good, and some pretty terrible—and then sent off into the blue. When the troupers met the troops, it is not surprising that sometimes things became very "blue" indeed.

On the other hand, the entertainment was sometimes of a surprisingly high quality. I remember the story told me by a young officer, marooned for weeks in wildest Sussex at a country hotel, which had been taken over by the War Office. There were 100 or more of them, cut off from all entertainment. Then one afternoon a huge van drove up, a couple of stage-hands rigged up a stage at the end of the dining-room, and that evening an excellent little company put on one of Coward's plays to the intense delight of the tiny audience, packed in like sardines.

Then this particular theatrical unit motored back the fifty-odd miles to Brighton, to start out the next day on the same sort of mission, and the next day and the next, as they had been doing for weeks. Such an achievement as this must be put to the credit of Mr. Dean and his staff. It helps to make up for the tough troubadours with the gnarled faces, the raucous voices, and the not very clean repertoires.

Even these last probably found favor with a considerable portion of their audiences. In the Army there are many kinds of people besides the kind that write letters of protest to the *Times*. It was Mr. Dean's immensely difficult job to try to find something for all tastes. No one denies the energy and enthusiasm he put into the task. He did his best and, if his best was not quite good enough, who was likely to do any better? So far his critics have had no suggestions to make on this point.

100 Years at Hampton Court

Visitors to Hampton Court, with its stately old Palace, its beautiful gardens and park, its lovely views of the Thames, its picture gallery and all the historical treasures from Tudor and Stuart times, are apt to forget that the Palace is not only a monument and museum but also a place of residence. In fact, most of its 1000 rooms are occupied by royal pensioners—members of noble families or near relatives of men who have rendered notable service to the country as soldiers or statesmen.

Among these residents Miss Millicent Gordon must surely hold a unique place—unique indeed in the whole history of the Palace. She is a granddaughter of the 9th Marquess of Huntley, has lived at the Palace since she was one year old, and has just celebrated her 101st birthday. What memories she must have accumulated in that long span!

As a child she often saw the Duke of Wellington. She knew the family of Admiral Hardy, Nelson's flag-captain, and listened to the stories of officers who fought at Trafalgar and Waterloo. Many times she heard Disraeli speak in the House of Commons. She was at Ems when Bismarck arrived with his staff to complete the plans for the Franco-Prussian War.

A century at Hampton Court! In spite of the swarms of visitors, it is difficult to think of a richer or more beautiful setting for a long life.

Stanley M. Bruce Retires

Dominion High Commissioners—and conspicuously among them our own Vincent Massey—have done a grand job in England during the war. Heavy responsibilities have been laid on their shoulders. A vast amount of work has devolved on them. The way they met these demands has been an important contribution to the general war-effort of the Empire.

Now one of the ablest and most popular of them—the oldest too in tenure of office—is saying goodbye. For twelve years Stanley M. Bruce has represented Australia here in London. He has resigned, and is being replaced by J. A. Beasley, former Minister of Defence. Mr. Beasley comes with a high reputation, but he will find it hard to fill the place of Mr. Bruce—to fill it out, that is.

Mr. Bruce had special advantages for his position. For one thing, England is a second home to him. He went to Cambridge, where he rowed in the 'varsity boat. I don't know what scholastic laurels he won, but I do know that to be a rowing Blue is a surer way to public affection and esteem in this country than to be a Senior Wrangler.

For another thing, Mr. Bruce is a strikingly handsome man, tall and broad-shouldered, with easy, dignified manners and a sense of humor that has helped to make him one of London's best after-dinner speakers. Don't imagine that these things don't count! They count a lot in a job that, after all, is as much social as political. On the political side, he had for some six years been Prime Minister of Australia—another great help.

There are a good many important things that Mr. Bruce may do. At 62 he is still too young to retire completely. There is, for instance, talk of a high post for him in UNRRA. But whatever he does, or wherever he goes, he will take with him the affectionate good wishes of a large part of the English public. He will be greatly missed.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Dan Cupid Compensates Dominion for British Immigration Loss

By THELMA CRAIG

MARY is a shining-eyed young woman of twenty who has come out to the "Promised Land", the land of her husband. With a sense of adventure and a sense of duty, too, she left behind her family and her friends, that is, what remained of them after her brother was killed in Normandy and the humble home she lived in was bombed-out and her best girl friend was found amid rubble and ruins. Bill, the Canadian boy whose courtesy and consideration won her heart in a brief, whirlwind courtship, is still in England. An only son, he's the "be-all" of his mother's eye and the pride of his fast greying father. So they gave their daughter-in-law and her bonnie babe a hearty Canadian welcome.

Mary immediately liked her new in-laws, who live in the suburbs of a Western city on a bit of land that would support forty houses in old London Town. They're good people. They live quietly and unpretentiously. They go to church twice on Sunday, and poppa, who works in a flour mill, comes home each evening to have supper, read his paper, smoke his pipe, tend the garden and go to bed.

Bit by bit Mary misses the old life—a big family and the billeted soldiers and lots and lots of people everywhere. She misses the noise and fun of youth and the occasional glass of beer and the frequent trips to the cinema. And she wishes she could have some suet pudding and not so many pies with crusts above and below. At first she loved to hear the talk about Bill and the habits of his childhood and the proud moment when he went out a man and volunteered for service "anywhere". But pretty soon she had heard so much of this over and over again that she was ready to hate her husband. So letters to Bill grow more and more disturbing until he has half a mind to write his parents, "You lay off Mary, she's my wife", and half a mind to tell Mary, "What's the matter with you! My home was good enough for me, its good enough for you".

Fortunately, the repatriation people sense Mary's predicament. They know the solution is a home of her own. Mary knows this, too. Yet if Mary said to momma-in-law, "I want a home of my own", momma-in-law would say "Aren't we being good to you? This is the place for you until Bill comes home", and Mary would leave and a rift would be made which never could be closed.

Home Front Diplomacy

With the help of a friend of the family's, a social welfare agency arranges very diplomatically for Mary to take up residence with another war wife who likewise has a small baby. Now momma-in-law and poppa-in-law think it the ideal thing, and go tramping half way across the city on Saturday and Sunday afternoons to look after the infants while Mary and Ann go off for recreation with young friends.

Mary is one of the 43,000 war brides who have already come, or are yet to come, to Canada "for better or worse". These girls become Canadian citizens the minute they set foot on Canadian soil with all the benefits, obligations, and restrictions which Canadian citizenship imposes. They enjoy the protection of the Canadian government and it is the function of the government to assume responsibility if the girls need assistance. Less than five per cent of them create any serious problem and then in fifty per cent of the cases the husband, it is believed, is to blame. Repatriation officials at Canadian Army Headquarters in Ottawa say that if these war wives can adjust themselves to Canadian life during their first six months here they present no more problems than those confronting average Canadian girls.

After all, they have been pretty well prepared for their new life in Canada. In August, 1944, when the Services took over the transportation, comfort and welfare of the war brides coming to Canada, the Canadian Wives' Bureau was set up in London as a branch of Canadian Military Headquarters. Before that arrangements for bringing the girls to Canada had been conducted on a small scale. Now young war wives are encouraged to organize clubs in their own districts in England, with the idea of familiarizing themselves with Canadian conditions. All four Auxiliary services, the "Sally Ann", Knights of Columbus, Y.M.C.A. and the Legion, are assisting in supplying various media of information and study courses. Religious education designed to acquaint the war wives with the activities of the denominations in Canada in which they may be interested is given by the padres.

Soviet Brides

Films on homemaking, prenatal and baby care are shown the young wives. Lectures about life in Canada are given by men and women from the armed services. Dietitians from the R.C.A.M.C. Sisterhood give demonstrations on Canadian foodstuffs and cooking. Travelling libraries have been set up; the central library now boasts 2,300 books with an objective of 3,000.

A breakdown in the figure of 17,600 war brides in the files of the Directorate of Repatriation at Army headquarters, shows the following distribution according to provinces: Ontario, 6,400 including Toronto, 2,240; Quebec, 2,800 including Montreal, 1,960 and Quebec City, 70; the Maritimes, 1,500; Manitoba, 1,700; Saskatchewan, 1,800; Alberta, 2,000 and British Columbia, 1,400. The total number of marriages in the Canadian Army in the United Kingdom to the end of May was 23,137. For the Army the Directorate of Repatriation takes care of bringing to Canada and settling the wives and children of the army, navy and firefighters. The R.C.A.F. has its own repatriation set-up to look after the wives and children of the men in the R.C.A.F.

A scattered few war brides from other parts of the Commonwealth and Empire will become Canadian citizens. Seventy-two war wives are listed from the British West Indies including Bermuda, Jamaica, the Bahamas, Trinidad and Barbados. Seventy-five more are slated to or already have come from Newfoundland. Australia reports one marriage to a Canadian boy and five prospects. About 30 marriages have taken place among RCAF men in India, Ceylon and the Middle East. A few marriages have taken place in South Africa, Italy, France, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium and Holland. Two Canadians have married in Soviet Russia, one a Czech girl, and plans are under way to bring their two brides to Canada.

Surprisingly enough, nearly 40 overseas' widows of Canadian Army men are planning to make their homes in this country. Ask them why they want to leave the land of their birth and come to a strange country, and ten chances to one they answer something like this: "I thought Johnny's (the baby's) grandfather would like to see him". Most of them consider it a duty to make their homes in the land of their husband. And most of them are convinced that Canada is a land of promise and plenty. Some of them who have lived in poorer areas, will say "I want to see that my children have a better chance than I had. You see I never had much of a chance myself."

Large numbers of fiancees also want to come to Canada to marry

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the boys they have set their hearts on overseas. These girls, too, may make their arrangements through the Canadian Wives' Bureau. At this end the Canadian serviceman makes a statutory declaration that he is affianced to So-and-So, that he is desirous of marrying her, and that he would like steps to be taken to bring her to Canada. At the other end his fiancee makes a declaration indicating that she is of the same mind. Then every facility is provided her for coming to Canada, except that unlike the war wife, she is required to finance her passage.

Personally Conducted

Since August, 1944, when the onus of bringing to Canada the overseas' war wives and their children was placed on the Services themselves operating under the Department of National Defence, these women and children have had a minimum of inconvenience on their own part The repatriation branch of the Army, for instance, takes care of everything including the securing of a release from their jobs if the young women are employed, the securing of exit permits, transference of reasonable amounts in bank deposits made possible through cooperation of the Bank of England, movement of endowment insurance, arrangements for baggage and details relating to their travel to the very point of their destination in Canada.

Board a Canadian train carrying war wives from the United Kingdom to their new homes. Note the eager, happy faces of the young mothers. Take a glance at the accommodation provided. No colonist cars, these. Nothing less than tourist travel with berths included, free handling of baggage for the most part, meals from 75 cents to $1.00. In fact, transportation and other travel costs all paid for by the Dominion Government to their destination.

A movement control officer handles all matters of trains, baggage, tickets, reservations, meals, etc; the smooth running of the special is his particular function. A train liaison officer is charged with ensuring every reasonable comfort and care of the passengers; he makes sure they reach their new relatives happily. The train medical officer ensures the best medical attention with the help of Red Cross V.A.D.'s (there is one for every three cars of passengers). In case a child takes measles, there are adequate quarantine facilities aboard; if a mother requires an appendectomy, she is removed from the train and taken to the nearest hospital with the cooperation of the District Officer Commanding and the hospital.

But the wardship of the repatriation officials does not cease there. They assume responsibility for wellbeing of the war wives and their children until they have become assimilated into Canadian life. To this end the directorate of repatriation has enlisted the help of welfare groups, women's organizations, service clubs and others to assist wherever adjustment is not easy. Members of the clergy give cooperation in seeing that the young woman is welcomed early to the church of her choice. Specially notable has been the work of the Red Cross which early established well-equipped reception centres in such cities as Halifax, Montreal, Winnipeg and Calgary. Volunteer workers meet all boats and trains, provide special nursery care for the babies and toddlers, rest and recreation facilities for the mothers, and a generous spot of tea, food and good cheer.

Other organizations like the I.O.D.E. and Legionettes have played a large part in assuring the young wives of a warm welcome in their home communities. Repatriation officials have an open mind on the formation of war wives' clubs; they feel that quicker adjustment is made when the newcomers to Canada are welcomed into already existing Canadian organizations. In fact in one city a war wives' club became the centre of such jealousy, prejudice and bitterness on the part of girls of differing temperaments from the old Country that it died a natural death. Self-help rather than self-pity is what most people require.

Housing And In-Laws

The chief problems confronting the young women are housing (this chiefly) and in-laws. Besides many of them have been over-sold on the wonders of Canadian life. Even if their accommodation back home was quite inadequate, they are likely to expect quarters here with all kinds of modern conveniences. Canadian magazines full of advertisements showing glamorous pictures of postwar kitchens and handsomely furnished living rooms, have been distributed to them as gifts from Canada and from the husband overseas. Many of the women fail to note that reference is made again and again in these advertisements to "postwar" developments.

However, the Army and the Air Force both agree that more than 95 per cent adapt themselves quickly to Canadian life and form no problem for welfare workers. That's pretty important since more and more Canadian lads are getting married overseas. During this year the number of Canadian boys marrying girls from the United Kingdom has increased month by month. The average in April and May (Army) was 700.

The United Kingdom war wives and their children represent more British stock than has come to Canada through regular channels in ten years. According to the Canada Year Book, the total number of immigrants arriving from the United Kingdom between 1932 and 1943 inclusive, was 33,303—and that included men, women and children.

Fine Types

By and large, this invasion of young women from the United Kingdom into Canada to make their homes here is one of the really good things that have come out of the war. Generally speaking, these British girls are of fine type, with a nice sense of responsibility, courageous in temperament, happy to be in the "Promised Land" and determined to make it the land of opportunity about which they have dreamed. In fact, it would seem that what we need in this country is a fine selective immigration of British stock such as these young women represent.

• •

Princess Alice

HEADED by the First Ladies of the Provinces across Canada, plans are under way for the collection of contributions from the women of the country to the Princess Alice Foundation Fund. The Fund which bears her name has been created to honor the Princess Alice as wife of the retiring Governor-General, and will be employed for the education and development of Canadian youth leaders. The minimum objective has been set at $50,000.

In Ontario the committee headed by Mrs. Albert Matthews, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor, has enlisted the close cooperation of women's organizations throughout the Province. Mrs. Gordon Conant, 4 Avenue Road, Toronto, is honorary treasurer for Ontario, and contributions may be addressed to her. Mrs. George H. Ross is secretary, and others on the organizing committee with Mrs. Matthews include Mrs. Wallace Barrett, Mrs. W. D. Ross, Mrs. George B. Shaw, Mrs. H. D. Warren, Mrs. St. Clair Gordon of Wallaceburg, Ont., Mrs. John Labatt of London, Ont., Mrs. C. S. Band, Mrs. Horace Hunter, Mrs. A. G. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. J. W. Langmuir, Mrs. Frederick Morrow, Mrs. W. C. Douglas, Mrs. E. G. Frankel, Mrs. R. Y. Eaton, Mrs. T. A. Kidd of Kingston, Ont., and Lady MacMillan.

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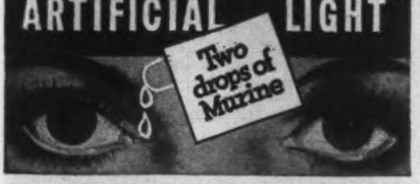

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Old Time Novelist Has A New Lease Of Life

By NORMAN NICHOLSON

Despite the fact that he has published only one novel in the last 35 years, the amazing fact remains that E. M. Forster is a living force in English contemporary creative writing. His first four novels were published between 1902 and 1910, but his satirical powers so shocked the realists of this decade that his work did not become widely read.

It was not until 1920 that his reputation really began to grow and it was found that there was a large public eagerly ready to appreciate his talents.

THERE is no living English novelist whose reputation stands so high with the younger writers of his own century as that of E. H. Forster.

I am not thinking, at present, of those novelists and dramatists of the first decade of this century, such as Shaw and Wells, both of whom are still alive. These were undoubtedly giants. We still read them, we still enjoy them, we can still learn much from them—but they belong to a generation which is past. Forster, however, is a living force in the world of creative writing; he is one of us—if we may say so without presumption.

Yet when you consider Forster's career as a writer it seems odd at first that this should be, for chronologically he belongs to the pre-1914 era—the Edwardian era, as it is called in England. His output has been small—five novels, a few stories, a wise book on the novel, and some criticism and biography. And of the novels, the first was published in 1902, the fourth in 1910, and the last in 1924. Dates are usually tiresome, but when you think of Forster's present influence these are really astonishing, for they show that he has published only one novel in the last thirty years or more.

E. M. Forster

Indeed, the bulk of Forster's work came out at the very time when Shaw, Wells, Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett were at their fullest powers. When he produced his fourth novel, little was known of the work of D. H. Lawrence and James Joyce, the two writers who were most to influence the generation of the 1920's. And yet Forster seems to have played leapfrog over this generation, and to belong more naturally to the present day.

A Time of Gusto

Between 1900 and 1910 was a time of great literary gusto in England and throughout the world. Writers and artists and all people who thought and read were preoccupied with social and political questions. They were argumentative, sarcastic, often violent and always lively.

Now Forster is by no means uninterested in political and social problems. He has edited a well-known political literary weekly, and has always been aware of the pressure of society on the individual. But his aims were very different from those of his contemporaries. He was concerned less with the natural world than with the surface of thought, the play and interplay of motive and response in conversation and action. The novel of that time was the sturdy chronicle, which traced the life of a man from birth to death, and fixed him in his place of society, recording his habits, clothes, beliefs, work, leisure. This was quite unsuited to Forster's purpose, so he had to work out his own form in fiction.

If he had been born, say, twenty years later, he might have followed the example of Virginia Woolf, and others, and dispensed with the plot in the usual sense of the world. But the age demanded a plot, and Forster, rather reluctantly, let the age have its way. He did this with an air of condescension, like that of a kindly uncle amusing a little boy when he really wants to be busy with something else. It is a condescension which always delights the reader.

The plot of "Where Angels Fear to Tread", for instance, is quite outrageous. An English aristocratic widow marries a penniless Italian and dies, leaving a child. Two of the widow's relatives go to Italy to demand the baby, and, as their persuasion is not successful, they kidnap it. The carriage in which they run away is overturned and the baby killed in a ditch. All of this, except the tragic ending, might have been found in the wildest farce, but Forster makes high comedy out of the plot and writes throughout with delicious irony and verve.

Such apparent flippancy shocked the earnest realists of the 1900-1910 decade. They simply could not take him seriously. He was admired, therefore, only by readers of special perception; he was unknown to the majority. Yet throughout the 1920's and the 1930's his reputation grew, until two of his novels, "Howard's End" and "A Passage to India" were brought out in the popular Penguin series of reprints. Then it was found that he could appeal to a large and eager audience, who were able to appreciate to the full his delicate sense of fun, his wit, his quiet style, and above all, his humanity. All these qualities are shown in his best book "Howard's End."

Strange Beginning

The machinery of the opening is unequalled in modern English fiction. First there are three letters from Helen to her sister:—

Howard's End,
Tuesday

"Dearest Meg,

It isn't going to be what we expected. It is old and little, and altogether delightful—red brick . . ."

The first letter rambles on, catching the true epistolary tone, telling about the house and its inhabitants, and telling still more about the writer and her sister. It is full of the most revealing touches, added so casually and emphasized so little, that if the reader is not alert he may miss them. The end of the first letter and the beginning of the second give us a typical example:—

". . . There goes the breakfast gong. Much love. Modified love to Tibby. Love to Aunt Julie; how good of her to come to keep you company, but what a bore. Burn this. Will write again Thursday.

Helen"

Howard's End,
Friday

"Dear Meg,

I am having a glorious time."

And then, when everything is going along so pleasantly, comes the third letter:

"Dear, dearest Meg,

I do not know what you will say: Paul and I are in love—the younger son who only came here Wednesday".

So the boring Aunt Julie hurries off to Howard's End to see what is really happening, and no sooner has she gone than there arrives a telegram for Margaret ("Meg" is her petname):—

"All over. Wish I had never written. Tell no one—Helen."

Tossing Out The Plot

Aunt Julie, however, is on the way. At the station she mistakes the elder brother for Paul, and learns to her dismay that his family does not feel itself honoured by the proposed match. But after Forster has started his plot so ingeniously, he throws it aside. Paul is not going to be a character at all. Instead Margaret marries Paul's father, and Helen meets a young bank clerk who is living with a woman who turns out to have been once the mistress of Margaret's husband.

Such are the main points of the story, but the subtlety with which it is told can only be hinted at—the loveliness of the house, the quiet way of life of its owners and the crumbling of it all as the facts emerge. It is not the story of the exposure of a hypocrite; it tells rather of the slow disintegration of a character which cannot live up to the demands that society and convention make of it. The reader feels pity for him, not scorn.

Forster's fifth novel, "A Passage to India," which was awarded the *Prix Femina Vie Heureuse* and the James Tait Black Prize in 1925, is about Anglo-Indian relations. The plot is even more casual than usual. It turns on a visit to some caves where Miss Quested, an English woman, accuses a cultured Indian of assaulting her. For the Indian the reader feels the greatest respect, yet he does not doubt Miss Quested's sincerity. Intense excitement is aroused among both the English and the Indians in the district; racial prejudices run high and all sorts of exaggerated rumours are spread around.

Then Miss Quested withdraws the charge without a word of explanation. Nor does Forster explain. We never know whether Miss Quested has suffered from hysteria, or whether she was assaulted by someone else. But it is for the picture of Indian life that the book is particularly valuable, and the penetrating studies of people, the limitation of whose sympathy is emphasized by misunderstanding.

Forster is a satirist: he never spares the shams of class and convention, but he has a kindly tolerance always for the man beneath the convention. He has never been able to suffer fools gladly—but he is surprised rather than indignant at their foolishness. Like another humanist, George Santayana, he suspects that "Perhaps the universe is nothing but an equilibrium of idiocies." And in such a universe he is able to keep his balance extraordinarily well.

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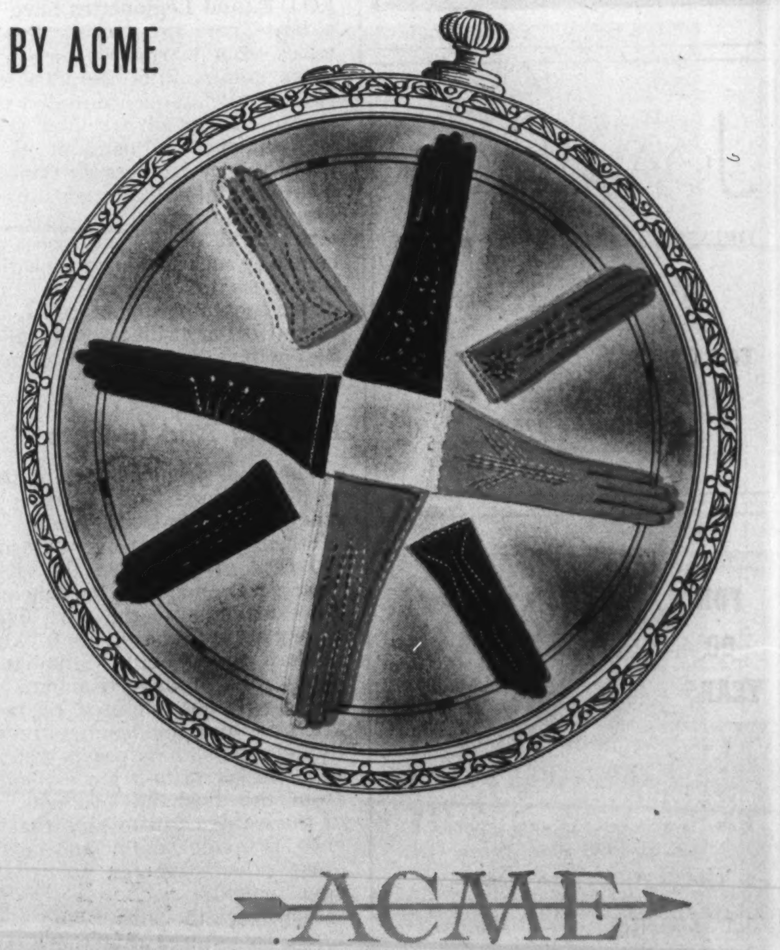

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TURK SMOKE, a short novel, by John Coulter. (Ryerson, $2.00.)

IT WAS the homesickness that gripped Barney Cahill, after forty years away from Ireland. And a profitable homesickness too, for the thinking and the day-dreaming, between ten-hour stretches of sleeping, left no time at all for work. And in New York the wild diligence, or make-believe diligence, of the many millions reminded a contemplative man of an army of wasps buzzing about a crumb of cake and none of them getting even a smell of the sweets.

So Barney didn't work, but vegetated in his penthouse on the roof of a dreary apartment, keeping rabbits and chickens and observing his housekeeper-daughter, Tansy, and his lunks of sons, Wolfe and Michael. But he could talk; none better, of the shy moon creeping up over the glen and lighting on the pile of turf, or of the goings-on at Uncle Patrick's pub when the fiddler was playing "The Wind That Shakes the Barley," or of the brave days of old.

Young Mr. Greenbaum, a radio-person, on the way to being a personage, didn't think that Barney was a lazy man, but called him a poet and a philosopher, and thought-up a proper radio sequence of broadcasts in which the philosopher would lean on the counter of his imaginary store and talk to all the immigrant folk, his imaginary customers.

But what's the use of re-telling a story that John Coulter has told, with the rich humor flickering out of him, and the gay tenderness peeping out of his sentences, and the world-love of a serious man driving him to his typewriter?

Aunt Brigid is a solid person, and the love affair of Tansy and her Italian lad is gracious and fine, and the whole tale is one to warm the cockles of your heart.

Temperament Clash

GONE FOR A BURTON, by Arthur Gwynn-Growne. (Oxford, $3.00.)

FOUR members of a bomber crew find themselves in Occupied France when their craft is shot down. Anthony is a sergeant pilot, and the skipper. Rogers is the navigator, Roy is the air-gunner and Kim the wireless operator. Each is competent; at home in his job. But here is a new condition, demanding native initiative and leadership and the skipper feels himself inadequate.

That feeling angers him deeply, especially when he must admit to himself that Kim has the qualities that he himself lacks. Perhaps this is due to the fact that Kim's boyhood has been a constant struggle against poverty. He is a product of the slums who never has had a decent suit of clothes until he enlisted, who never had been wanted by anyone until the King beckoned him. And now, in self-respecting young manhood, his devotion to the R.A.F. is fervent and his understanding sharpened by experience.

Rogers has the makings of a snob, Roy is still adolescent—and charming—a follower rather than a leader. And so the four face the problem of getting out of Occupied France, first to the Unoccupied region, thence to Spain, Gibraltar, Lisbon and home. It's a long trek, full of difficulties and surprises, but the adventure is held in secondary place to the clash of temperaments. How weakness is revealed in arrogance, and power in calmness, is carefully developed and the book, as a whole, is a psychological case-history as well as an entertainment. Its weakness, to one reader, lies in pushing certain complexes to an extreme, giving it often an air of hysteria, and the author's enduring anger at our civilization and its obvious faults lands him nowhere when he speaks of future organization. But a fine book, nevertheless.

Fairy Tale

POPPADILLY, by Audrey Chalmers. (Macmillans, $1.25.)

IN FORTY pages, mostly given to humorous illustrations, the author tells the story of the small mouse who wanted to be as big as a hippopotamus and got his wish. Excellent for four-year olds.

Prose Poem

THE POOL, by Dana Burnet. (Ryerson, $1.35.)

AN AMERICAN officer, getting acquainted with an English girl, gracious and sensitive, tells her, haltingly, of the lonely pool in the Maine woods to which he returned, and returned, when the drive of his New York life became too heavy. And it turns out that she also has a pool of privacy near her home and ultimately they meet there as lovers. Then comes the separation of D-Day and a bitter wound for the officer. As he lies in the hospital bed, knowing that his lady has been the victim of a buzz-bomb, death is transfigured for them both.

The tale is of the quality of poetry, rich with feeling but not mawkish.

Out of Date

ARTIE GREENGROIN, PFC, by Harry Brown. (Ryerson, $3.00.)

THIS is a series of biographical sketches on a United States Army private marooned in England waiting for the shooting-war to be gin and completely disenchanted. He does everything wrong. When he's not on Kitchen Fatigue he's A.W.O.L. When he gets back his life is just in and out of the guardhouse. And to a comrade he "beefs," not occasionally, but all the time, using a wild dialect, half Brooklynese and the rest nowhere.

When these sketches appeared in *Yank* they were highly regarded by the Army in general. Now that they have lumped in a book they are less funny, even to soldiers. Too much has happened since the waiting-period.

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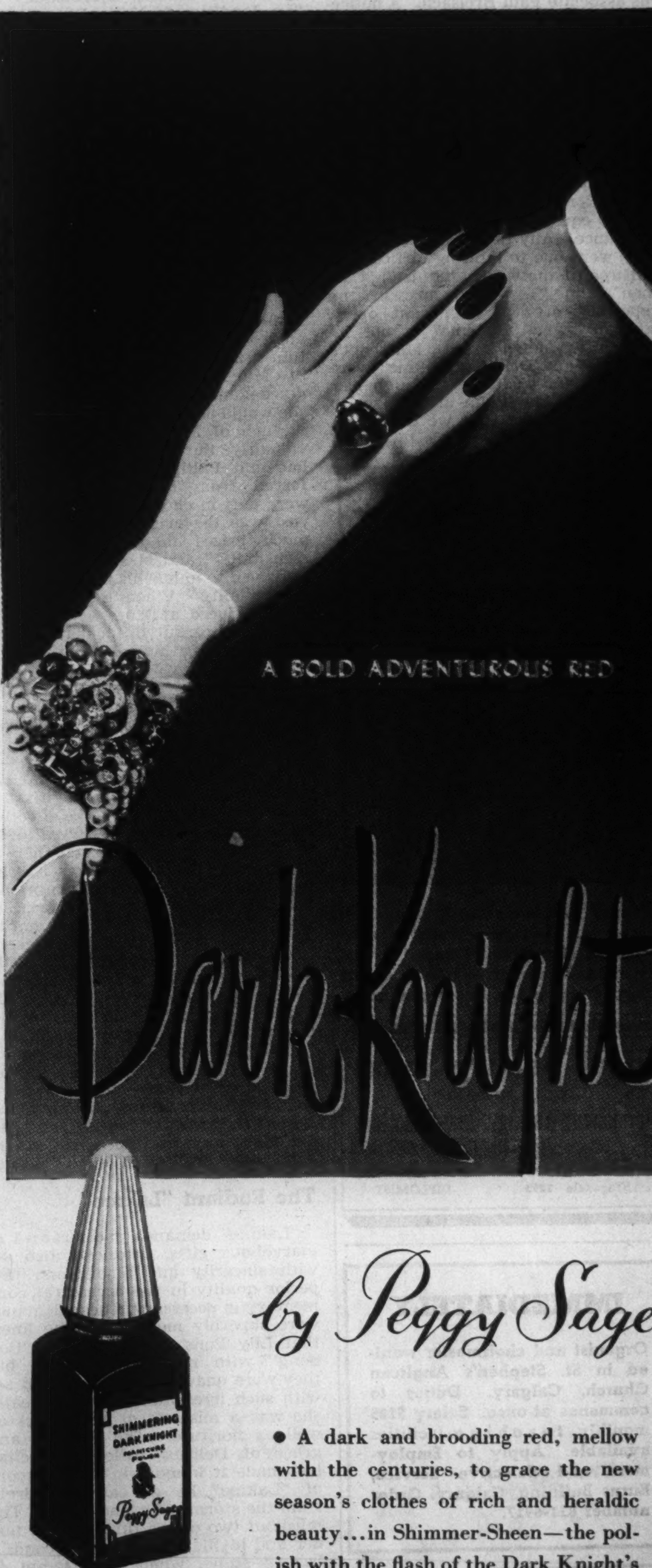

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MUSICAL EVENTS

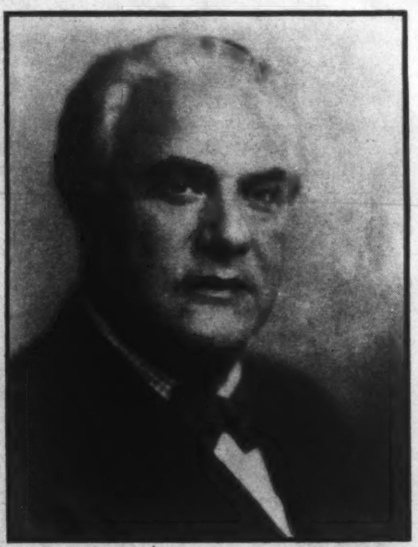
Operas Familiar and Unfamiliar By the Metropolitan Singers

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THE second season of grand opera with chorus, ballet and principals from the Metropolitan Opera House, sponsored by France Film, Montreal, has come and gone. The itinerary embraced a full week at Montreal, one performance at Ottawa and six at Massey Hall, Toronto. The Montreal Orchestra, an organization of fine quality, made a most important contribution under the famous Canadian conductor, Wilfred Pelletier and his associate Paul Breisach. A noticeable improvement was all-round excellence in acting. Well-balanced casts gave a higher vitality to all the presentations. Those who know celebrated singers only through radio and concert got a chance to realize how much theatric instinct and versatility had played in their careers.

Miracles were performed by the stage director, Desire Defrere, in the productions at Massey Hall, which has no equipment for theatrical performance. Any flaws, and they were few, were due to lighting difficulties.

Three of the works, "Faust", "Carmen" and "Traviata", are in the repertory of every itinerant opera company, and "Boheme" is not infrequently done. But Massenet's "Manon" and Delibes' "Lakme" were novelties for audiences, though certain arias from them are known to many. I suspect that we owe them to Mr. Pelletier, who likes to get off the beaten track. It is over 30 years since either was heard in Toronto, and then on a more insignificant scale.



Emanuel List, veteran Metropolitan basso, will be guest artist at the Promenade Symphony Concert at Varsity Arena, October 4. Franco Autori is appearing as the guest conductor.

Massenet's "Manon"

I had not realized how splendid an opera Massenet's "Manon" was, in a dramatic sense. Years ago the Montreal Opera Company produced four of Massenet's operas here; "Manon", "Thais", "Herodiade" and "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame". The last named is unique in charm; but "Manon" is a masterpiece on a larger scale. It is founded on the Abbe Prevost's "Manon Lascaut", (1732), a novel containing one of the most human studies of a wayward girl ever drawn; an utterly unmoral little hedonist who never had virtue to forget, but remains completely devastating, forgivable and fascinating. It was a daring stroke on the part of a seminarist, like Prevost, to present such a character for the first time in literature. Though his own youth had been riotous, when he became a renegade from the Benedictines he remained a moralist. A writer of his antecedents could not escape the dictum "The wages of sin is death". Most of Manon's multitude of literary descendants have fared better. Today she would have headed for Hollywood.

Much of Manon's irresistible individuality, the librettists, Henri Meilhac and Philippe Gille, have transferred from Prevost's pages; and were deft in choice of episodes. Prevost was the originator of a quality much prized in the 18th century, "sensibility" and Massenet magically contrived to imbue his music with this very quality. When the opera was first produced at Paris in 1884, Massenet was censured for having employed leading motives in the Wagnerian mode, as was Bizet nine years earlier after the premiere of "Carmen". But resentments against Germany, arising from the Prussian war, had become less acute, and the reproach was not so disastrous.

"Manon" is not an opera that can stand on its music alone. It must be acted with imagination to be effective. Bidu Sayao's vocal tones were lovely in liquid appeal; and whether in laughter or tears, there was irresistible youthfulness and charm in her impersonation that made it live. Ernest Newman has said that hardly once in a lifetime may we expect to see a tenor who could suggest the complex, sensitive nature of Chevalier des Grieux, and must be content if the music is well sung. Though Jacques Gerard has not a romantic personality his singing was rich in passionate beauty. Martial Singher showed what a great artist can do with a commonplace role in his impersonation of the rascally Lescaut; and Nicola Moscona was impressive as the grim and much-tried elder Grieux.

The Radiant "Lakme"

"Lakme" demands a coloratura of marvellous gifts, who can also act with sincerity and tenderness. Superior quality in the orchestral commentary is necessary. These demands were superbly met. Everyone knew that Lily Pons could sing the "Bell Song" with radiant brilliance, but they were unaware that she could act with such irresistible charm. Vocally she was a mistress of tenderness as well as fioriture. The delicacy and grace of Delibes' ballet "Coppelia" has made it immortal. In the score of "Lakme" he got away entirely from the storms of grand opera. The music of two of the three acts is tender and idyllic; that of the second, a bazaar scene, when an attempt is made to murder the English officer Lakme secretly loves, is full of variety and color, but not the color produced by noise. Surely there is no death scene in opera more gentle and tender than the passing of the Hindu maiden.

The story was inspired by the novels of Pierre Loti, and Goudinet the author of the text deliberately sought the cooperation of Delibes because he was not an "operatic" composer in the traditional sense. Again the ensemble was splendid. The role of the Englishman suited Jacques Gerard (a nephew of the famous Canadian painter Suzor Cote) better than Des Grieux, and he sang with superb lyric fervor. The voices of Moscona and Martha Lipton were also beautiful.

"Lakme" obviously could not stand the wear and tear of routine like "Il Trovatore" or "Faust". But the latter, though its melodies ensure appeal under any circumstances, gains an eminence which justifies its many decades of popularity when finely acted and sung. The choruses were magnificent and the major roles acted with captivating ease. Gretchen is usually rather static, careful about her high notes, but in the impersonation by Dorothy Kersten she not only sang beautifully but became human; a girl swept away in an abandon of first love and infinitely pathetic in the aftermath. In Nino Martini we at last saw a Faust graceful and fascinating enough to make her passion believable, singing with consummate ease. Martial Singher's tragic power in the death of Valentine was again demonstrated. Norman Cordon, the Mephisto, was a newcomer to Toronto though I have heard him sing Bach and Beethoven ably elsewhere. With his vast height and histrionic power his Mephisto had dash, ease and ironic significance that cast a spell. Jeanne Desjardins of Montreal gave a capital characterization of Dame Martha.

Puccini's "Boheme" has never been quite so charmingly presented in Canada. With her vocal gifts and genius for tenderness and pathos Mimi was an easy task for Bidu Sayao. Nino Martini as singer and actor was the most representative of the romantic Rodolfo one has seen. The other Bohemians, Francesco Valentino (Marcello); Arthur Kent (Schaunard) and Nicola Moscona (Colline), all fine singers, seemed to have walked out of the pages of Murger.

A French "Carmen"

A special event was the first appearance in Canada of the most notable of all modern French Carmens, Lily Djanel. While not so suggestive of the immemorial siren of all ages as was the Carmen of Calve, her creation is a graphic clear presentation of the gypsy Merimee drew; bold, untameable, capricious, and born with *un gout pour les hommes.* Her voice, of beautiful rich mezzo quality, is one with which she can do almost anything. Jacques Gerard as Don Jose though he sang well and passionately became interesting only in the latter scenes when the poor fool has become sullen and sinister. In those aspects he was splendidly convincing. Martial Singher was a glamorous Toreador, and the little Montreal soprano Claire Gagnier surprised everyone by her pure and tender vocalism, and by the ease and piquancy of her acting. All minor roles were well done, and Wilfrid Pelletier was brilliant on the podium.

For sheer lyrical ecstacy no performance quite equalled Verdi's "Traviata" with the same cast as last year; three ideal representatives of their roles, vocally and histrionically, Bidu Sayao (Violetta); Nino Martini (Alfredo) and Francesco Valentino (the father). With such verve and beauty did the work go that demonstrations perhaps never equalled at a musical event in Toronto followed the fall of the curtain; especially when Mr. Defrere announced a third season next autumn. Incidentally the writer has received many requests from music lovers in Toronto and elsewhere, urging that a Mozart opera be included in the repertory.

At the Prom.

I was listening to "Lakme" during last week's Prom when the 45-year-old English conductor, Stanley Chapple, was making his first appearance in Toronto, I am reliably informed that he proved a hearty, affable, straight-forward baton wielder who obviously knew his business. He had chosen a program of more than usual distinction. It included two of the most beautiful of modern English orchestral works, the Handel-Beecham "Amaryllis" Suite; and Holst's Suite in E flat. Every number was in fact important, among them was Ormandy's noble setting of Bach's "Sleepers Awake", and Brahms' Academic Festival Overture based on rousing student songs. Portia White, the Canadian contralto, is definitely a first-rate box-office draw, due to the luscious beauty of her tones. In addition to lighter lyrics she sang triumphantly three arias of broad and varied emotional appeal, Saint-Saens' "My Heart At Thy Sweet Voice"; Debussy's "Air de Lia", and Verdi's "O Don Fatale".

Pianist-Comedian

A humorist at the piano is Victor Borge who comes to Massey Hall on October 15, fresh from a successful appearance at Carnegie Hall, New York. He is a pianist of unusual spirit and understanding and at the same time a comedian who, it is credibly reported, made some New York music-critics laugh. What more can be said?

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THE FILM PARADE

The Newsreels, These Days, Can Make Any Movie Worth While

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THE newsreels, in recent weeks, have been about the only thing that makes a trip to the movies worth while. They are, however, so supremely worth while and so compact of destiny and drama that they make movie attendance almost obligatory, even when it involves sitting through such desperate exercises in silliness as "Guest Wife" and "Christmas in Connecticut."

There have been, for instance, the brief but unforgettable flashes of the great current treason trials—the corpse-like face of the aged Petain; Pierre Laval caught in an instant of frantic self-justification and looking like a character actor over-playing a bad role; the face of Vidkun Quisling as the death sentence is pronounced and the camera advances in relentless close-up to show the slack mouth tighten and twist. There is a grotesque quality in all these scenes in spite of their vivid reality, as though history had assigned parts at once too gigantic and too mean for the rumpled and stricken little men who are called on to play them out.

Then there were the newsreels of the atomic bombings, first in New Mexico, then in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The atomic bomb films have been shot without any eye to selectivity, selection obviously being impossible where the destruction is absolute. They are simply presented for the record, along with the brisk voice of the commentator, assuring us that the bomb that fell on Nagasaki was already a vast technical improvement on the bomb that fell on Hiroshima. There is little attempt at dramatization, and no need for it, since the bare official records are enough to leave one literally shaken with terror.

On the other hand, the scenes aboard the ship "Missouri" during the signing of the Japanese surrender have an air of dramatic contrivance of the first order. In these pictures the contrasts everywhere presented a deliberate and almost symbolic air of arrangement, with General MacArthur towering above the Japanese delegation; with the Americans in rather rumpled battle dress standing about in attitudes of easy dominance while the Japanese emissaries stood stiffly at attention, grotesque in the Western garments of diplomacy—tall hats, striped trousers and clawhammer coats. From first to last there was utter silence from the Japanese delegation, while General MacArthur, who has his own sense of the ceremonial, conducted the surrender negotiations as though it were an order of service, moving sonorously from point to point and ending on a note of solemn invocation: "Let us pray that Peace be now restored to the world and that God will preserve it always." The whole newsreel was a piece of historical pageantry flawlessly planned and magnificently directed and presented.

By Way of Contrast

The entertainment features that have been accompanying these formidable films recently are so fragile and at the same time so tedious that they hardly seem to belong to the same medium. Two current examples are "Guest Wife" and "Christmas in Connecticut." There is very little to choose between them but if "Guest Wife" has a very slight edge on "Christmas in Connecticut" it's because Claudette Colbert is a more acceptable comedienne than Barbara Stanwyck, and no thanks to the script. Both films are about characters who have to pretend to be married in order to placate the Boss and hold their jobs. This is a comedy idea that is turning up a lot on the screen lately and it's hard to say whether Hollywood is honestly infatuated with it or whether the Industry is suffering from conversion-staggers like everyone else and simply trying to hold *its* job. In any case it's a terrible idea for comedy.

In "Guest Wife" a heady correspondent (Don Ameche) just back from the wars has to provide a wife to satisfy his editor. So he picks on Claudette Colbert and hustles her off to New York and after that it's just one bedroom complication after another, first in a New York hotel and then on Long Island. It must have been the sight of so many beds invitingly laid open that made me drift off after a while, but I came to to find that nothing, apparently, had happened that I hadn't expected. It's the kind of picture you can sleep through without missing a thing.—"Christmas in Connecticut" is about a syndicated cooking expert (Barbara Stanwyck) who can't boil an egg. Miss Stanwyck has editor-trouble too and it's the same trouble though with a different editor (Sydney Greenstreet this time.) He thinks she's married and she thinks he'll fire her if he finds out she isn't and so she has to produce a husband to convince him— Look, someone's got to get out of this rut, either me or the Industry. From now on it's going to be me.

French Regard For Britain

By JEROME WILLIS

BACK in London on leave after a year in France, I am surprised to find how little the British people realize their popularity in France.

British prestige is higher there than it ever has been. It would be a pity if something were not built on this foundation to bring the peoples of both countries more closely together.

From the Channel to the Pyrenees a British battledress is a natural passport today—not only because it represents the British soldier, but rather because France regards it as the symbol of the people who fought the Battle of Britain—the essential prelude to victory.

During the past year I have visited almost every corner of France. In some of the places no Briton had been seen for five years. Everywhere doors flew open

This interest in England looks like a permanent thing in France. Everyone who can is learning English.

Recently in a Paris suburban household—not normally the background for political discussion—I heard this theory put forward: "If Joan of Arc had never lived," said the head of the house, "England and France might have been one nation today. And it is rather a pity we are not. For we each have so much to offer the other."

Without Churchill

In a Communist café, the night the British General Election results were declared, workers in overalls gazed at each other with amazement. "Churchill defeated!" they said to me. "It's not possible. We thought he could have led the English people where he wanted them."

They extolled Churchill as the greatest living Englishman. "There never would have been a victory without him. We would still be in chains."

French citizens will tell you candidly that British prestige in the early months of 1940 was not so high. But the four years of German occupation started a countrywide inquest on Franco-British relations between the two wars.

Should Britain have backed them up in March 1936 when the Germans marched into the Rhineland? France wanted to go to war. Britain did not.

Should England have intervened in Spain? Whose fault was it that she did not?

And Munich. Were England and France equally responsible?

The French worried out these questions among themselves while the Germans were pillaging their country.

At night they listened to the voice of London and wondered if it would hold. It did. They then turned their attention to the desert army. Could it ever reach Europe? It seemed only a remote chance.

But presently French citizens turned to each other. "England has done this seemingly impossible thing," they said. "That small island has sent forces all over the world, and they have come back to France. There was something terribly wrong with us to have had that armistice. We must never separate from England again."

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Two Lucys of the Loucheux Who Went a Long Way to Aklavik

By ELIZABETH LUKENS FLEMING

OLD LUCY went home today. A cart attached to the Mission tractor took her down to the schooner and I watched her go by, squatting on the centre of the cart in that position so characteristic of the Indian. Her son Chief Julius sat beside her, his arm around her for support, and beside her lay a bundle that contained her worldly possessions.

Out of gratitude for the care that had been given her, Old Lucy had on parting offered her duffle pants to the nurse-in-charge of All Saints Hospital, Aklavik, N.W.T., but the offer had been declined and the pants were, I presume, included in the bundle.

Lucy had not been to the hospital because she was ill, nor did she belong to Aklavik, although there are many Loucheux Indians there. She belonged to Fort McPherson on the Peel River, thirty-five minutes distant by air and fourteen to eighteen hours by native boat. She came to the hospital at freeze-up last October to stay the winter because she was ninety-five years old and blind, and it was impossible for her family to give her proper care.

No matter how loving one's sons and daughters may be, the rigors of nomadic life in the Arctic are very cruel for the old and infirm. Lucy's family wanted to do their best but Chief Julius himself was no longer young, nor was his wife who was termed "Mrs. Old Chief". In fact their children were beginning, in turn, to feel them a burden. So poor, old, blind Lucy had been brought to All Saints Hospital to be cared for during the long, dark, winter months.

But now she was going home again for the summer to be with them in their tent at Fort McPherson and she was very happy. In summer they could manage to look after her, although it meant that one of the children had to stay with her all the time.

As I watched Lucy it seemed to me that she was the epitome of the old Indian life. She never sat on anything. She squatted whether on her bed, or on the floor by her bed, or when she went calling in the other wards. She had the conventional two perpendicular lines of tatooing on her chin, found now only among the older women, and she kept herself wrapped in innumerable oddments of shawls and scarves. When the nurses tried to undress her at night, an attempt that was never successful, they found that the series of coverings had no apparent limit. Occasionally she added a bath-towel to the turban effect on her head but that did not improve her appearance.

Because of her age Old Lucy felt cold a good deal of the time which accounted for the quantity of wearing apparel. For this reason, too, she wanted ginger in her tea and all winter long she begged them to set up a tent for her in the furnace room.

The span of Old Lucy's life has marked the transition of the Indian from the age-long, unchanging, primitive existence to our modern civilization. Lucy began life as a pagan with all the fear and degradation bound up in that word. When the first missionaries came in to that area she was a girl of seventeen. Now she has been a Christian so long that she can scarcely remember the darkness of the early days. In her youth she knew nothing of canvas tents, primus stoves, or outboard motors, all commonplaces of today. Much less did she know anything about sewing machines, hot water bottles, or radios. She lived her life exactly as her forefathers had lived theirs before her.

And now there is a younger Lucy—the great-grandniece of Old Lucy—and young Lucy is also a full blooded

ENAMELLED

Her shoes, for fashion has it so,
  Are ventilated, heel and toe,
The rain she does not dread.
Barbaric is her taste, to me,
For through interstices I see
  Two toenails gleaming red.

J. E. M.

Home Work for Good Grooming And for Self-Preservation

By EVE POWELL

THE war has wrought changes in our habits of grooming that beauticians are hoping will stay.

In Red Cross, canteen work or the measured hours of life in the services, women have learned as never before, the value of time and the importance of planning ahead.

It was fun, in the old days, to suddenly get a grooming urge, to nip downtown for a beauty splurge. But with the war, when the days had more duties and the salons more patrons than either could handle, it became essential to work out some sort of routine. And so most of the shops developed a "fixed appointment" list that pretty well precluded any haphazard or casual trade.

Yet as never before it was necessary to look neat and tidy, at all hours, in uniform and out, so women began all over again to learn the rudiments of home grooming care.

The hair brush came back into vogue—yes, with the hundred strokes every night. And whether this brought the mode of the "brush-burnished" look, or the look, the more brushing — hairdressers were enthusiastic over the result.

Around The Clock

More thought was given to the choosing of just the right cosmetics, for suitability and lastability, the saving of time and effort. So that manufacturers took note and have now begun featuring creams that work on a 24-hour shift . . . under make-up by day, on their own by night.

Manicures, too. Before the war, nails were never hopeless. Should a terrific date zoom over the horizon, there was always a manicure obtainable, somewhere. Then, almost over night, there wasn't. And so the nail kits of yesteryear were dusted off and time made for daily inspection and repair at home.

The new zeal for clothing care came about in much the same manner. You couldn't buy a new outfit whenever you wished—try and find it!—so you started to take the best possible care of what you already had. And while the joy of stepping out in a perfectly ravishing new outfit that "I just happened to pick up" was gone, there developed a new respect for quality, cut and line that led to long sessions of washing and pressing and darning and patching and sometimes even of turning inside out. With the maidpower shortage, this meant that a lot of ladies found they could wangle a mangle who'd almost forgotten how to look a flat-iron in the face.

Re-Conversion

But now! — with gas-for-pleasure back, and war duties lifting, there's an alarming (to the salons) tendency to revert to the old days of spare and splurge. "Old" patrons don't understand why their whims are no longer law. New or casual customers wonder if they aren't being discriminated against when told that every hour is full.

So the beauticians send out a passionate plea for the continuance of up-keep grooming. Day-by-day home care plus regular salon attention is the only way, they say, to look smart at all times. It will most effectively fend off the signs of passing years. It will certainly save everyone time and money. And—just incidentally —it will keep the hair-dressers from having to tear their hair.

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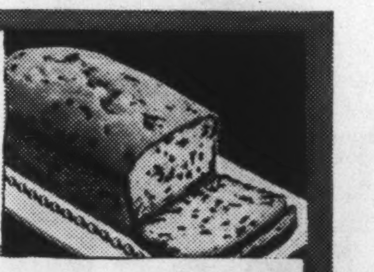

MAGIC Honey Pound Cake

1½ c. seedless raisins
¾ c. shortening
¾ c. honey
3 eggs, well beaten
2¼ c. sifted all-purpose flour
2¼ tsp. Magic Baking Powder
¼ tsp. salt
¾ tsp. vanilla extract
¾ tsp. lemon extract

Rinse raisins; drain; dry on towel—cut fine with scissors. Work shortening with spoon until fluffy and creamy; gradually add honey, while continuing to work with a spoon. Add beaten eggs, and blend. Gradually stir in sifted dry ingredients; beat with spoon until smooth. Add extracts, raisins; stir to blend. Bake in greased, lightly floured 9" x 5" x 3" pan at 300°F. for 2 hours.

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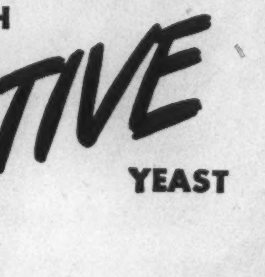

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Loucheux Indian. A few years ago this young Lucy Nersyoo came into the hospital to lend a hand when they were short of help. She swept the floors, washed dishes, and carried trays. The girl learned quickly and was eager to absorb all that she could. Moreover she was anxious to try new things, a trait not always found in primitive peoples. She watched the nurses at their work with all the extraordinary hawklike observation of the Indian. Lucy Nersyoo never missed a trick.

The nurse-in-charge noticed the eagerness and the aptitude and showed the girl how to make hospital beds, how to rub backs, give baths, and other simple nursing tasks. Her pupil took to this like a duck to water and asked for more. As the weeks went on the girl proved to be reliable and thorough. Moreover she could be counted upon to be on time, a quality without measure and without price among the Indians for it is the prevailing custom, especially in summer, to sleep all day and to be up all night. It is hot during the day and cool at night so there is logic in this procedure although it makes it awkward for the white people. The nurse-in-charge discovered, too, that Lucy was good in her handling of people and the fact that their language was her language was a great asset. It made the giving of directions easy. From time to time the doctor used her as interpreter.

Muskrat Shoot

Gradually, as her interest and knowledge grew, the idea developed of giving her systematic training as an auxiliary nurse. The doctor and the nurse-in-charge discussed the matter with the Bishop of The Arctic, as All Saints Hospital lies in the Diocese of The Arctic and is run by the Anglican Church. The Bishop of the Arctic not only approved the idea but encouraged and fostered it, as the development of native leaders is the dream and ultimate goal of every missionary. At some point the care of the people must be turned back to the people themselves.

The scheme went forward. The Chief of the tribe consented. Lucy's parents consented. Lucy consented. As time went on difficulties were encountered on both sides as was to be expected. The nurse-in-charge found that the systematic instruction and training of a native girl was more of an undertaking than she had anticipated. She had to go very, very slowly and it took all the patience she could muster. There was so little background to work on. Then too Lucy's will faltered and her determination waxed thin. The Nurse's stronger spirit had to help the girl to persevere.

And then there was the muskrat season. When that came round each year Lucy had to be let off and from it she came back demoralized. Miss Lucy Nersyoo the student nurse in uniform was also one of the best shots in the area and has got up to one thousand muskrats in a season. She knows just where to find them in the swamps and creeks and banks. So far as money is concerned Lucy can earn more in one short ratting season than the hospital could pay her in years. Also being a Loucheux Indian there is at ratting time "a loud call and a clear call that cannot be denied". So each year in the spring Lucy was gone.

At the end of the second year of training another difficulty arose. Fortunately the Bishop of The Arctic was in Aklavik at the time. Lucy came to the Bishop in tears. Her parents said that she was to marry and she could not finish her course. Whom was she to marry? asked the Bishop. The young hunter was named. Did she love him and want to marry him? queried the Bishop. No, she did not, replied Lucy. She was unhappy at the prospect of having to marry him.

The Bishop thought. Such a situation takes great wisdom.

Finally he said, "Lucy, if you love this young hunter I will marry you to him and you will stop your training. That would be right. But if you do not love him I will not marry you to him. That would not be right. Second Chief Francis is in town. You go downstairs and tell Nurse that Bishop says you are to have an hour off. You go see Chief Francis. Tell him what Bishop says. Listen to what he says. Then come back to me."

Bride-to-Be's Tears

Still in tears Lucy went off. Later that afternoon she came back all happiness. Second Chief Francis had given his answer and the crisis was past. The final year's training was to be hers.

By now Lucy has her certificate as a fully trained auxiliary nurse. She has had experience in every phase of the hospital work, in the wards, with maternity cases and in the operating theatre. The certificate is a parchment nicely framed and signed by the doctor, the nurse and the bishop and sealed with the seal of the Bishop of The Arctic. It was presented to her at a formal ceremony designed to give the matter weight in the eyes of all those present.

Lucy has taken up her work among her people. The doctor has entrusted to her certain medicines and drugs and he finds that she is quite good at diagnosing. By this I do not mean determining any obscure causes of ill health. But Lucy has excellent judgment about what she is able to do and what is beyond her capacity. She knows whether an Indian who is doubled up with tummy-ache has merely overeaten or whether he may have appendicitis. The doctor has a very high opinion of her ability in this direction. In winter when the people are scattered and in lonely little camps Lucy goes about ministering to their aches and pains. She is liked; she is trusted; she has their confidence; she is able to help.

A new world is opening out before this younger Lucy, the great-grand niece of Old Lucy who has just gone home. Old Lucy is a symbol of the past, but young Lucy is the symbol of a brighter future for her people—for what has been done once, can be done again.

WAITING

I WAIT for you
as if your promised coming
were just the advent
of a casual friend.
I hear the melody
my heart is humming
and yet
with smug serenity
pretend
that should you not arrive
my world would still survive.

But should you come . . . !
Ah then
sang-froid would not disguise
the swift betrayal
flaming in my eyes.

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CONCERNING FOOD

The Hostess Plays a Lone Hand With Some Tactical Planning

By JANET MARCH

THERE is small likelihood of the size of women's handbags being reduced for though rid of the gasoline ration books we now have to make arrangements for carrying around a bunch of blue poker chips. If you mix them up with your small change the usual time spent on fumbling will increase. This annoys the paper boy at the corner very much and, though everyone—from that ardent public speaker Mr. Laski down—keeps telling us we are in a transition period, there has been no movement back to the practice of the theory that the customer is always right however long she fumbles. Indeed the poor old customer is still sitting out in the dog house and it is likely that the animal may grow a permanently ingratiating manner.

"Do you think that I could get a bar of soap? Oh, well then I'll come back exactly at two on the chance." If she does she probably will get her soap as a reward for her amiability.

On the other side of the picture though, you only have to watch some of the flinty faced women at the meat counters as they say, "I'll have six ounces of veal and nine ounces of beefsteak. What! Do you mean you need another token? Can't you cut the proper weight?" and the reason for some of the butchers' complaints recently published in the press becomes crystal clear. Both sides of the counter in a good many instances need lessons in manners and perhaps they would cease behaving like the members of warring native tribes.

We all knew that declared peace wasn't going to solve our minor household problems at once. War workers won't convert themselves into domestic workers as long as they have enough money with which to eat. Europe is starving, and we must share our plenty, unless we are going to be classified as a greedy, heartless nation. The peacetime assembly lines have as yet produced very little, so we will just have to darn up our old clothes and grease the rattling old vacuum cleaner and cultivate that boring commodity, patience.

In the meantime Canadians eat well, and none of the troubles of reconversion look too awful with good meals under the belt. The meat ration is so generous in comparison to England's that it is almost embarrassing—particularly as it is all too obvious that it should have been imposed months ago. If it had perhaps the English nation could have been left at its wartime low instead of being further reduced.

How about leaving off worrying about the postwar world though and cheering yourself up with a small dinner party? Here's a menu which is good for a maidless household as it can nearly all be prepared ahead of time, and it requires very little meat.

Mongole Soup
Chicken Noodle Casserole
Potato Chips Green Beans
Trifle
Coffee

Mongole Soup is a fancy name for the combination of a can of condensed tomato soup and a can of condensed green pea soup, well mixed together and then thinned with milk. If you have the time and the energy and the bacon grease, fry small squares of bread till they are golden brown and serve as croutons.

Chicken Noodle Casserole

1 package of egg noodles
¼ cup of shortening
¼ cup of flour
2 cups of milk
1 teaspoon of salt
¼ teaspoon of pepper
Celery salt
1 tablespoon of chopped onion
1 tablespoon of chopped sweet or green pepper
½ cup of salted peanuts
2½ cups of cooked diced chicken
Buttered bread crumbs

Cook the noodles. Melt the shortening and stir in the flour and add the milk, salt and pepper, celery salt, onion, and sweet (or green) pepper. Pour over the diced chicken in a casserole dish. Stir in the peanuts and add the noodles. Cover with buttered bread crumbs and brown in the oven. Potato chips just have to be re-heated in the oven and green beans are good late this year, as anyone who has a garden can tell you.

To make the trifle make two cupfuls of thin custard—

Custard

3 egg yolks
2 egg whites
2 cups of milk
2 tablespoons of sugar
A pinch of salt
1 teaspoon of vanilla

Beat the eggs and stir in the sugar. Warm the milk slightly and add it to the eggs, then cook slowly in a double boiler till the custard coats a silver spoon. Stir in the vanilla and remove and chill.

To make the trifle arrange small pieces of plain cake in a dish and over each layer pour some of the custard and as much or as little Canadian sherry or other wine as you like or can spare. Put on some daubs of jam, and fill the dish in this way. If you can persuade the top of the milk bottle to whip decorate it with this or, failing cream, beat up the whites of two eggs with a little sugar. Chill in the refrigerator.

Softly draped bows at the neckline of this dress by Hildebrand tell of the new trend towards feminine, flattering lines. Pleats fall into a small bustle in the back. This is one of the dresses to be featured in shops across Canada during "Toronto Fashions Week," October 1 to 6.

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Journey to Australia: from War to Peace via Ocean Freighter

By ELAINE TALBOT
As told to Ruth Hobberlin

I'M one of those who like to arrive where they're going—quickly. Maybe that is why my 1945 trip to Australia now reminds me of the "great journey" made by Mrs. Susan Pettigrew. In the book, "The Way Our People Lived," W. E. Woodward tells how a whole week was required in 1836 for Susan Pettigrew to reach Cincinnati from New York. Via freighter, it was slightly over eight weeks before my husband and I reached Sydney, N.S.W., from our former home in Canada.

Due to war conditions in the Pacific last spring, travel by plane or ocean liner was impossible for most civilians, with the result that April 18, found us boarding the British refrigerated ship, "Port Jackson," at Norfolk, Virginia.

Those of you who discovered in prewar days that "freighters can be fun," probably arrived at certain docks and, with little delay, put out to sea. But we had four days at the Norfolk naval base in which to stow our luggage and become acquainted with our fellow passengers.

Of the 10 Canadians aboard, possibly Miss Eva Schreibman, of Toronto, had the most colorful background. "It's a long story," she sighed, "but at last I'm on my way to marry the boy I left 12 years ago in Poland." In 1933 she had become engaged to an ex-school-friend in the Polish town of Bjalystok, but shortly her family sought a new life in Canada. Later her fiance managed to leave his native land and reach Australia. Years of much planning and meeting numerous regulations followed. At long last a 12-year betrothal was about to end in marriage.

The ship's company included not only Canadians from Montreal and Edmonton, but also three Americans and three Australians. Too, there was the Skipper himself.

Captain Swan, a stocky white-haired man, started his career as a lad on a sailing vessel. "In the good old days," he claimed, "when a meal on board consisted of hard tack, dried salt pork, and dried peas or beans for soup." Despite this remark, our meals were substantial and numbered the usual seven; even in peacetime

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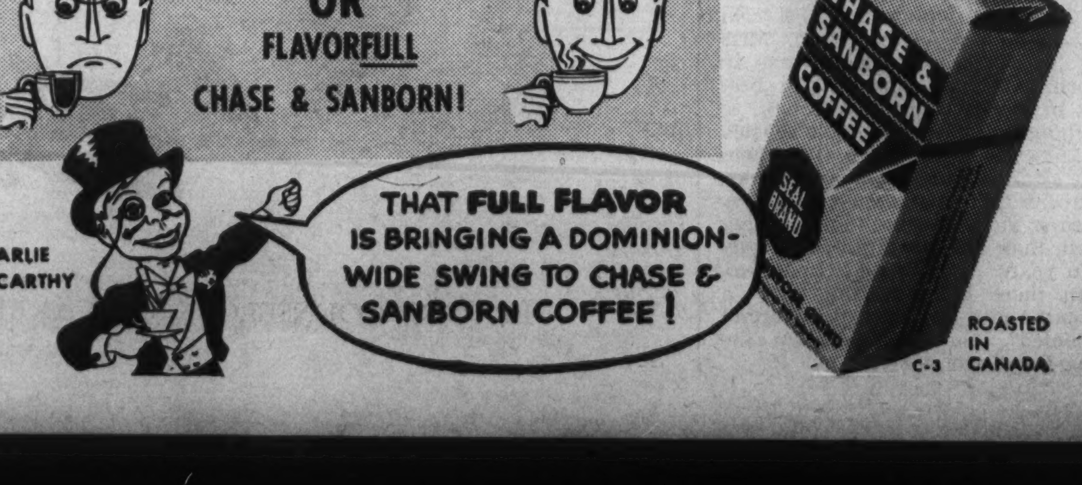

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C-3

freighter menus eliminate fancy sauces and entrees. Drinks were obtainable during certain hours in the lounge. English and American cigarettes also were for sale, and, even more important, a certain "white" brand of *soap flakes*.

Before sailing on Sunday, April 22, we had boat drill and learned "until further notice" we must wear life jackets. Out at sea, we heard of the nightly 6 p.m. blackout; also, that we were going via Panama.

Officers In White

By Wednesday, when we were in the tropics, the women were discarding suits and slacks for summer cottons and—as often happens—many of the sun-suiters tried to acquire their tan too quickly. Evening clothes were out, but we always changed to printed silk or cotton dresses for dinner. Mere man stole our fashion show when the officers appeared in their whites.

A pilot came aboard Saturday morning to guide us through the Panama Canal, and electric donkeys (motors) tightened the cables by which we would be towed. U.S.A. Marines also came on board as guards. Foot by foot, we passed through four locks and entered an outlet dotted with small islands. This famous waterway seemed more like a river, I thought. For awhile we were almost hemmed in by jungle; then came the Cut; and later in the afternoon, the remaining three locks. After travelling 50 miles in a "man-made ditch," at 5 p.m. we tied up. Following dinner we went ashore. Panama shops proved expensive; the night-spots, uninviting; and soon we returned to the ship. Next morning we commenced a life of "home away from home" on the Pacific.

Occupations aboard a freighter are simple. Games such as horse races, deck quoits and ping pong are frequently arranged, but mostly one does as one pleases. There are no formal entertainments, unless sitting on deck with your feet on the rail and doing a bit of singing could be termed a ship's concert.

Hard Tack De Luxe

Pulses quickened when we learned the "Port Jackson" would be diverted into Guam—the first British ship with passengers to do this. The crew must have shared our excitement, because they began to practise firing our six anti-aircraft guns and the "big" gun aft. But later, they stayed all one day at Action Stations.

When V-E day news was beamed to us, I wished for a moment we could have celebrated the event in Canada, instead of in the middle of an ocean. However, Captain Swan marked the occasion suitably with a special dinner, at which wine was passed to all with his compliments. Following toasts, money for the Mission to the Seamen's Fund was collected by means of an autographed menu. That particular bill of fare now is one of my prize possessions. A party in the lounge that evening concluded our celebrations.

The Skipper found time before we reached Guam to enlarge on details of earl-shipping cookery. One recipe, for example, used to be prepared by first pounding hard tack to crumbs in a cotton bag. A bowl was then lined with these crumbs and alternate layers o f marmalade or molasses, salt pork, and dried peas or beans were added. Served hot, according to our Captain, this concoction was greatly relished.

We docked at Guam on May 22, only to discover the servicemen on that "womanless" island disappointed because we were not a group of entertainers. However they recovered their spirits and invited us all to a dance at Joint Communication Centre. En route in five jeeps, we attracted much attention. One bulldozer driver was reported to have stared at us so long that his giant machine nearly demolished a building. At the party men drew lots for the privilege of merely *asking* girls to dance.

While our cargo of eggs, meat and potatoes was being unloaded, we went sightseeing, though never unless accompanied by an officer. Once we drove for four hours in a jeep, passing through villages which had not been bombed, and following jungle trails only wide enough for one-way traffic. Any natives we saw spoke English and appeared friendly. We also dined at a Commander's headquarters, and once boarded a hospital ship for an evening of movies. I'm certain "Mickey Mouse" never entertained a more appreciative audience.

We weighed anchor on June 2. Only the fact that we were delayed at Manus, due to the illness of a crew member, caused us to miss one of the worst storms in some years on the Pacific. At that, the sea was rough. On the morning of June 13, we docked in the beautiful harbor of Sydney. Like Mrs. Susan Pettigrew, after what had been a novel experience, I had completed my "great journey."

WAR CONTINUAL
(Villanelle)

LIFE is war continual —
Above, below or on the ground:
The proof is in the hospital.

Soon as things began to crawl
Out of the ooze they felt and found
Life is war continual.

All are subject to the call—
Inevitably battle-bound:
The proof is in the hospital.

For grub began the first brawl —
But then for more of things around:
Life is war continual.
Expertly now as men we maul
Each other, and get millions downed:
The proof is in the hospital.

So for you and me and all,
From cradle to the final mound,
Life is war continual—
The proof is in the hospital.

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THE OTHER PAGE

Donna, You're the Oldest, Donna, Come Here, Donna, Sing, Donna

By MARY QUAYLE INNIS

TOWARD evening on the second day of the journey, Clarence hit Donna and Donna hit back. Their mother rushed down the aisle of the car in a flash of red dirndl and slapped both of them hard in the face.

"He hit me first," Donna sobbed. Her mother slapped her again with a palm which sounded on the soft flesh as hard as a shingle.

"You're the oldest, you're supposed to show the others how to act. Break it up now, quick!" Sandra shrank crying into the corner of the seat and Norval, the baby whined. "Break it up now!" The young mother's delicate face, without color except for the tight red mouth, looked harder than ice. She sat them in a row on the stiff leather seat as though she were driving piles. "Now you're through with that stuff. Sing!" She lifted her clear, small soprano, "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam."

Their faces were wet, they were hiccoughing with sobs but even the baby tried to sing. "Louder," their mother struck in. "Donna, you lead!"

"That little Donna is the world's packhorse," Kay murmured. "Look at the size of her."

"I was the oldest at home," Peggy said. "I know."

Slapping and singing alternated, then sandwiches came from a shoebox and milk from the dining car. When they had eaten, the mother, lifting herself so that the red heels fell away from her thin bare feet, heaved Sandra and Donna into the upper berth. "Get her nightgown on her, Donna," she ordered in a voice hoarse with exhaustion. "Make a noise and I'll skin the both of you."

She lay down in her clothes in the lower berth beside the baby and shut her eyes. Her face was white skin tailored to sharp bones. Clarence bounced on to her feet, she sat up, all in one piece, slapped him into his place and lay down again. Without opening her eyes she lifted one arm and jerked the curtains together.

The two girls in the next section looked at each other. "She isn't much older than I am," Kay said slowly. "And two more days in this car." She pushed up her red hair and looked out at the darkening prairie.

"I don't know whether I pity her more or the kids." Peggy sighed. She wore a brown skirt and sweater and her brown hair was arranged in a row of curls like cannon across her forehead.

NEXT morning Donna, Sandra and Clarence, the three who could walk, began to scramble up and down the aisle before the berths were made up, kicking stray shoes before them. Clarence stared at the box of cookies on Kay's knee.

"Here, take it. You and the girls eat some and be quiet," Kay said.

"They'll get sick," Peggy protested.

"Their mother'll take it. It'll keep them still a minute." To the girls and to all the other passengers, the band of crying, singing, quarrelling children and their tense, hard-handed young mother were a kind of irritant, a corporate menace.

"Whoops!" Clarence yelled and butterscotch cookies flew half the length of the aisle. "I can jump. Look at me jump." Three pairs of tennis shoes trod the cookies to dust.

"See that?" Kay demanded. "The demons. Look at that aisle."

The mother, coming back from the dressing room with Norval's bare heel drumming the small of her back, leaned against a seat and asked in a low, deadly voice, "Who did that?"

"Clarence did! It was Clarence!"

"It was not! The box fell down. I never—" They cowered but they knew better than to run. Their mother sat the baby down and lifted her small iron hand. She slapped Sandra and Clarence hard but Donna twice as hard and twice as long.

"You're the oldest. You ought to show them how to act and now look!"

Each was a broken, heaving pulp and their crying filled the car. Peggy got a broom and swept the aisle. "We did that," she said to Kay. "A fine help we are."

"Kids!" Kay exclaimed bitterly.

When Donna was able to sit up and hold a magazine on her thrust-out legs, Peggy looked at her thoughtfully. "Do you see how pretty she is? If she was fixed up—" She beckoned to the child.

Donna stared unbelievingly, looked down and quickly up again. Peggy nodded. Donna slid down, dropped her magazine and took a step forward. "Sit down here with us," Peggy invited. "How old are you, Donna?" She had to ask twice before the child whispered, "Six."

Her short hair, golden at the temples and brown at the back of her head, was soft and wavy, she had pretty teeth and large gray-blue eyes. Her delicate little face was patterned with dirt and tears, she wore blue tennis shoes and a flap of faded blue print as a dress. Peggy could scarcely believe the fragility of the tiny wrist between her fingers. The child's hand moved toward her charm bracelet. "Look," Donna whispered. "It's a little tiny man."

Peggy beamed with pleasure at having found something to interest her. "See, this one is a girl and here's a dog.—Do you go to school, Donna?" The child nodded and hitched herself back on the seat.

"Look here, you'll have something on your hands," Kay muttered but she too looked gently at the frail body and the wet lashes. Donna smiled now, she began to move and speak freely and naturally.

"There was a girl lived across the street," she began in a high, earnest voice, "she was bigger'n me and every time I went by she called me 'smartypants'." She looked indignantly from Kay to Peggy. "She was bigger'n me and she called me 'smartypants' for nothing and I slapped her. I slapped her good and hard and then we came on the train."

"COME with me, honey," Peggy said. When after a long time they returned from the dressing room, Donna's face, her arms and legs were shining clean, her hair was combed and curled. Peggy dropped into her seat, laughing weakly. "I'll be a good mother if it kills me. Did you ever see such a change?"

Kay whistled and uncapped the chocolate box. They both watched

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Donna's ecstatic face as her fingers hovered in exquisite indecision.

"First time she's had any fun the whole trip," Kay said over the little girl's head. "Making a child her age be nursemaid to that crew!"

"You see," Peggy answered softly, "they don't have to yell and fight and whine and they don't have to look like pigs. We clean her up and play with her a little and she's a different girl. Sing us a song, Donna." Both of them looked at her with the pride of creators.

When her mother called sharply, "Donna, come get your dinner!" the child looked up in distress at her new found friends. She was sitting on Peggy's knee playing with the contents of her make-up box.

"We're going to eat lunch now too," Peggy assured her. "We'll go now, Kay. She can't leave us and I don't want her beaten up again. We'll soon be back, honey."

Donna went back to her place but she felt too much excited to eat. Under her mother's eyes she swallowed her sandwiches very quickly to be ready for the two ladies when they came back. Every time the door opened she started expectantly. In the narrow mirror she saw her clean face and tidy hair; the ladies liked her to be clean and smiling. She leaned back recalling in a happy dream the events of the morning—the clinking figures on the lady's bracelet, the sweet-smelling bottles, the fat chocolates. She had never known there were chocolates like those. She had done her best to return the kindness of the ladies, she had sung and recited for them and they had petted and admired her as she had seen Sandra and then Norval petted and admired at home. She had forgotten that she was the oldest.

WHEN she saw the ladies come back to their seat her heart bounced like a ball. They had been gone a very long time. Clasping her knees against her chest, she watched them settle themselves. The car was hot and they yawned as they pulled out the opposite seat, shook up their pillows and lay down side by side. When they were quiet, Donna climbed softly onto the arm of their seat and snuggled down between their feet to surprise them. They did not open their eyes.

"Oh gosh, no rest for the wicked," Kay muttered. "This is what happens if you try to be a little bit nice. They never know when to stop."

They were not talking to her, Donna thought; perhaps they did not know she was there. She walked her fingers up Peggy's bare ankle.

"Don't tickle, honey. We want to rest."

"I'll rest too," she answered gaily, trying to stretch herself between them.

"There isn't room. Run and play, Donna."

"There is too room." She lay between them, smiling, but slowly her face grew serious. Their voices sounded different—cool and far away. She would do all the things which before had made them laugh and hug her. She began to bounce up and down on the seat but the ladies acted as though she were not there at all. She began to sing, "I'll be a sunbeam for Him."

"Don't sing,, Kay said brusquely. "Goodbye."

"Are you going away?" she asked in quick surprise.

"See?" Kay asked. "See what you get into? You can't be nice."

"Donna!" her mother called.

"Where's the candy?" Donna whispered hurriedly.

"It's all gone."

"Oh, there was a lot left."

"Donna, come here!" She climbed slowly over the arm.

"Put your foot up," Kay whispered and Peggy put her foot up on the arm of the seat. They had not opened their eyes the whole time.

"You leave me alone with the young ones," her mother accused. "They can't keep still and some people in this car were never children themselves. Sing now. 'I don't want to march with the infantry'"

"Sing, Donna! You lead." She sang, she helped the little ones color in their books and played tag with them in the corridor. A long, long time passed in which she did not once look at the ladies' seat but under the singing and her mother's commands, she listened for a voice calling, "Donna". They must be rested and ready to play with her by this time. Out of the corner of her eye she saw that they were sitting up again and had opened the box of bright bottles. Oh, she must go. But she thought of their cold, far-off voices; she would wait till they called her.

Her mother pushed a wash cloth into her hand. "Go, wet this quick so I can wash Norval. Hurry, can't you, and wring it so it won't drip."

She was afraid to look at the ladies and yet she could not look anywhere else. They would call her now, she gave a little skip. There must be more chocolates and the bottles smelled so sweet and the best was to have them praise her and hold her on their laps and never say she was the oldest.

Kay stopped combing her hair and said something to Peggy. Donna stood poised, ready to run into their arms. They both turned their heads and looked out of the window. She held her breath. They must know she was there, Kay had looked right at her. As she reached the end of their seat, Peggy glanced round and Donna laughed aloud with relief and delight.

"Hello," Peggy said carelessly and looked at the window again.

Did they know it was she? there was some mistake but she dared not wait any longer. At the door she looked back, but they were still staring out of the window.

She went into the washroom, wet the cloth and wrung it hard. In the mirror she could see her hair tumbled from play but still shining from Peggy's brush. When she grew up she would have a jingling bracelet like Peggy's. A tear ran down her cheek but at the corner of her mouth her tongue licked it up. Perhaps they would call her on her way back.

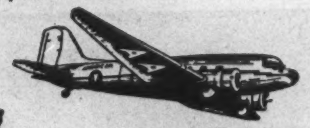
• •

EVERYBODY A PROPHET

UP TO now, everyone has been at liberty to hope what he pleased about the future. But henceforward, it will be every man's business to inform himself of what can happen and what, irrespective of personal ideals, hopes, or desires, will happen. —Oswald Spengler, in "The Decline of the West."

"Torps," striking character study of a torpedo officer aboard one of Canada's fighting ships, one of twenty large paintings by Hedley Rainnie, O.S.A., recently on view in Simpson's Avon House Galleries, Toronto. The Navy League of Canada shares in the proceeds.

AMERICAN TO New York



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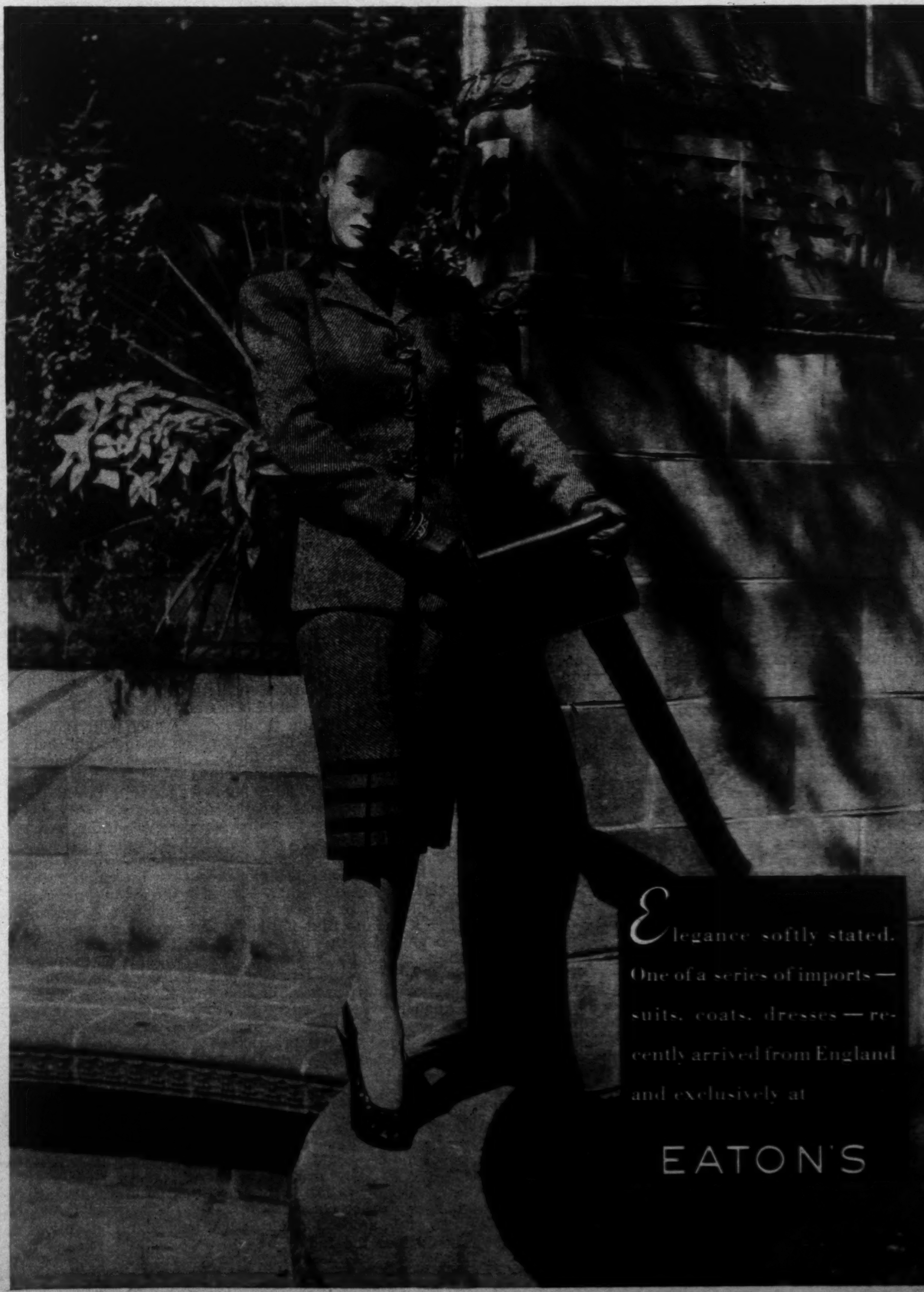

Does Attlee Recognize Urgency of Exports?

By GILBERT C. LAYTON
Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

While commending the programs which Britain's Labor Government has outlined so far, Mr. Layton questions whether the Government has shown awareness of the urgency of specific problems.

Exports are a particular cause of concern. A complete reorganization of the departments of government concerned with overseas trade, together with a promotion to a position of more importance, is essential. The Government's capacity to meet this problem will be a good indication of its initiative.

London.

THE British Government has now announced in outline its programs for industrial and political readjustment. It will be a long time before it becomes possible to fill in the detail, to articulate the parts, and to display the final form in which the principle of nationalization for the country's good can be wedded to private enterprise for the good of industrial efficiency. Already, however, the moderation of the "socialization" aspect of official policy seems to be established, and the jibe has been directed against the Government that its "fear" of socialism indicates a general timidity in its outlook.

This is a wrong interpretation of the sound sense that has been displayed so far in preferring evolution to revolution, but it is still necessary to ask where the Government has shown, on specific issues, a sense of urgency commensurate with the need. In particular, the problem of exports, perhaps the most pressing of our economic difficulties at this stage, does not seem to have aroused the initiative and determination to reach a solution that its character demands.

In discussing the general aspects of Governmental responsibility, the *Mercantile Guardian*, the important trade journal, suggests that it is time for the Department of Overseas Trade to be promoted. This Department, whose job has for so long been to stifle more than to arouse exports, has little say in the Cabinet, where its political representation is *via* the President of the Board of Trade.

That is a position calling for prompt correction. Exports are the number one economic priority and should be represented with vigor and full voice in the highest councils, on terms of equality with all other Ministries and Departments.

On the operational side, it is no less clear that the apparatus of the Department of Overseas Trade needs expansion and invigoration. In staffing, in finance, and in scope of operations, its requirements, in a postwar context, multiply many times what was sufficient when to export was a form of treason.

The question of advancing the quality, quantity and status of the Department of Overseas Trade is, however, one of great simplicity compared with the infinitely complicated task of assisting industry and the merchanting world to prepare, contract and supply British products to oversea markets. No one will pretend that this is a simple job, or one that can be effectively tackled without the iron testing of trial and error. But no one will say that it is a job that can be trifled with, or that it is better to do little, and nothing wrong, than to do much, and some things wrong.

Old Hobby-Horse

This is an old hobby-horse, and the Government knows how to ride its Parliamentary buckings. But it is a horse that will carry the British economy to a victory that it must have,

(Continued on Next Page)

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Union Labor Should Face Facts

By P. M. RICHARDS

U.S. public opinion has been disturbed since publication of the report on the "why" of Pearl Harbor, by indications that a whitewashing process was under way. Severe penalties for one or two high-ranking officers would make the people feel that the matter had been properly taken care of. But last week a letter to the editor of *Time* asked a pertinent question: "Why shouldn't all of us admit our respective parts in the Pearl Harbor disaster? It was common knowledge that 'we can knock out the Jap Navy in two weeks,' and that complacent attitude, plus that of the must-not-offenders, plus those who fought even inadequate preparedness, gave the Japs their opportunity. It seems to me," continued letter-writer E. Chat. Shanks of Baltimore, "that the whole combined report could be replaced by a simple statement that, like the rest of the U.S., the Hawaiian commands and personnel were on weekends and binges and the Japs simply picked the ideal time for their dirty work. Such being the case, who among us 'shall cast the first stone'?"

Stone-casting in connection with Pearl Harbor doesn't interest this column but Mr. Shanks' point of view does, because we think it could profitably be applied to a number of important questions now before us, such as what to do about the calamitously-growing friction between labor and management and how we're going to reduce taxes and still have all the new social services we've promised ourselves. Just as an easy-going U.S. officialdom and public preferred to shut their eyes to the possibility of a Jap attack until it happened, and just as they would now like to pick on one or two scapegoats and then complacently dismiss the matter, so we place the responsibility for providing full employment on private enterprise, by which we really mean big businesss, and satisfy doubts about the government's capacity for unlimited spending with the remark that "they did it in wartime, so why not now?"

Borrowed Against Future

Yes, the government found all the money needed for the carrying on of the war, but no less than half of it was obtained by borrowing. That is, we paid as we went along for only half the cost of the war and provided for the rest by borrowing against future production. We made goods which were useful only for war and paid for them by creating, on a huge scale, war bonds which will be used to purchase, not the goods they brought into being, but peace goods not now in existence and the production of which will create their own purchasing power. This, obviously, is a highly inflationary situation, a fact well known to all those in position of financial responsibility.

The ordinary citizen is inclined to discount the possibility of a runaway of prices, thereby paying tribute to the success of the Finance Department and the Wartime Prices & Trade Board in controlling prices so far. But Mr. Ilsley and Mr. Gordon know that there was never less reason than now to regard the fight as won. The present pressure on the price structure is tremendous and growing. An inflationary situation exists whenever the amount of active purchasing power is greater than the available supply of goods, which is obviously the case now. Every time a labor union wins a strike for higher wages with, perhaps, shorter hours, the pressure on prices increases.

And we are now entering upon the most dangerous period of the present inflation era. It was *after* the close of World War I that the price rise reached its peak, up 100 per cent, when wartime restraints had been relaxed. Labor suffered more than any other class in that inflation. Each union wage increase was fuel on the inflation fire, and the wage rise failed to keep up with the climb of prices.

Labor Refuses to Believe

However, as always in the past, labor refuses to believe in the reality of inflation. The unions say that wage increases are necessary to maintain labor's purchasing power, and when, as the result of such increases, the prices of products rise, they demand further increases. It is the true inflationary vicious circle. Labor is the chief beneficiary of the vast social service program, the financing of which will require the maintenance of heavy taxes on business and individuals, but labor hopes to have income taxes sharply reduced in the lower-income brackets.

What high taxes and high wages will do to the volume of business, in the face of still restricted prices, remains to be seen. Almost everything, economically, depends on the answer. Without high business activity there cannot be high employment and the high national income necessary to support the social service program. Labor's threat to business, "you'll do it or else . . . ", seems pointless. Presumably it means that if private business won't provide enough jobs, the government will socialize it. But there is not the slightest reason to suppose that the government could long succeed in making jobs where private enterprise could not do so. That is, not in Canada.

For, of all countries, Canada happens to be the one least suited to the practice of state socialism. It is the one least self-sufficient. In the twenty-one years between the two wars, around one-third of our national income was derived from foreign trade; it is not expected that we shall be any less dependent in the postwar. To succeed in the scramble for foreign markets, we have to meet foreign competition. The government would have to meet it, just as private enterprise does. And government operation tends to be costlier operation. Labor, perhaps, has more at stake than any other class.

To avoid an economic Pearl Harbor, the labor unions should face the facts.

Fish Will Appear Oftener On Canadian Dinner Tables

Fish has always been a big item on Canadian menus and can be expected to be in even greater demand, now that Canadian beef will be shipped overseas in large quantities to feed the hungry millions in Europe. From the picturesque shores of the Gaspe Peninsula, flotillas of graceful fishing schooners daily put out to sea carrying more than 3,500 fishermen to their rugged jobs. These men annually bring in catches totalling more than 35 million pounds of cod fish during the fishing season, which lasts from June through November. Some of the 1,800 boats used in the season are shown above, while below, a young fisherman displays a prize catch. These lads acquire skill while very young.

Cod is also dried and cured for shipment overseas, thus saving valuable cargo space, while the livers yield precious vitamin-rich oil. Below: Cod fillet being cured with salt in huge barrels. Marketing through their cooperatives brings fishermen an average of six cents per pound.

(*Continued from Page 34*)
and no curb rein must be kept on it by the rider, whatever his political complexion.

Plainly, there is a prior need for a plan for coordinating the efforts of the various economic Departments of State. The important units here are the Treasury, which holds the pursestrings, the Board of Trade, which has a general sphere of action over trade and commercial affairs, the Ministry of Labor, which is responsible for producing the men, and the Department of Overseas Trade, whose particular reference is to the export trade. Since the getting together of these Departments will be concerned with no more important question than that of resuscitating the export trade without which the standard of living in Britain must decline profoundly, it seems self-evident that the Department of Overseas Trade should not only be able to urge specific action on matters under its defined jurisdiction but also be able to influence the policies of the other Departments in so far as they concern the export drive.

It should, for instance, be possible for the Department of Overseas Trade to influence the release of labor for export production, to arrange financial facilities for production and sales where that can be shown to be necessary, to persuade the Board of Trade to grant priority facilities for export production where there is competition between domestic and overseas claims.

In effect, this is asking for a new organization of cooperation which must prove a hard pill for the Government to swallow without cavil. But it is asking nothing that is not in any case demanded by the compulsions of the export need.

NEWS OF THE MINES

New Staking Rush Is Developing West of Midlothian Township

By JOHN M. GRANT

THE possibility of a return of mining attention to the Midlothian section of the Matachewan area of Ontario was suggested in this column a few months ago, following reports of a new gold discovery on ground held by Upper Canada Mines and as a consequence of the encouragement being met there a staking rush has developed in Halliday township, adjoining to the west. Already Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company, Sylvanite Mines and Quebec mining interests have acquired holdings, and Sylvanite is reported in exploration so far to have disclosed conditions similar to those on the Upper Canada ground. The shifting of interest to the west of Midlothian township however, finds little more than some prospecting activity in the area, which in the summer of 1944 was the scene of an exciting gold rush.

R. R. Brown, president of Upper Canada recently stated that the new find made this year on their properties in Midlothian township was looking promising but pointed out that a great deal of further surface work would be necessary to get a true picture of its economic importance. The Upper Canada discovery is some miles west of Laroma Midlothian Mines property, where the discovery was made last year by Felix Roche, but on which nothing of commercial value was revealed by diamond drilling. Geological conditions are different on the Upper Canada holdings to those found on the Laroma property, the zones being more intensively schisted and carrying more coarse gold.

According to Ontario's Minister of Mines, Hon. L. M. Frost, the decreasing output of bullion by Ontario's gold mines was being offset largely by the remarkable number of discoveries being made, and as previously pointed out here, anticipated that last year's near record claim stakings would be eclipsed this year. Now from the adjoining province of Quebec it is learned government officials also look for a new peak in number of claims staked and recorded. The total number of claims recorded there with the Department of Mines in 1944 was approximately 20,000 and by the end of the current year it is believed likely a 50% increase will be shown.

Preparatory to carrying out an extensive program of underground development, Duquesne Mining Company is now dewatering the shaft on its property east of Beattie Gold Mines, in Quebec. The new program calls for deepening the shaft 250 feet to 750 feet and establishment of two more levels at 625 and 750 feet. The contract arranged calls for drifting on the new levels as well as those previously opened. It is proposed to carry out drifting on the four levels simultaneously and hence ascertain as quickly as possible information on the ore possibilities. Ore mined from development faces on the large property will be stockpiled until the directors decide whether it will erect its own mill or ship to a customs mill.

If nothing interferes the Macassa Mines controlled Renabie Mines Limited, in the Missanable area, west of Sudbury, should be ready to go into production before the end of 1946. Approval has been given by the directors to bring the property into production with a 300-ton mill and crushing capacity of 500 tons daily. Actual construction will likely get underway next April. When opera-

(*Continued on Page 40*)

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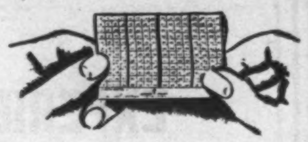

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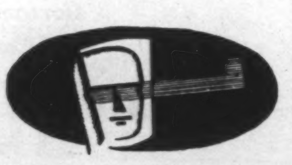

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

R.B.T., Cincinnati, Ohio — At the moment there is nothing to report on the new property which KINO-JEVIS RIVER MINES has acquired. The original property in Clericy township, Quebec, is being retained but diamond drilling, while revealing interesting structure, failed to disclose commercial ore sections. Two zones were uncovered in surface work and samples from trenching gave good gold values. The company has since acquired a group of 15 claims in the Duquesne section of Destor township, Quebec, in the Beattie area. A magnetometer survey was underway at last report and about all I can suggest is to await results of further exploration.

D.L.G., Saskatoon, Sask.—BARCELONA TRACTION, LIGHT & POWER CO., LTD., is a holding company with head office in Toronto; its operating subsidiaries supply electricity, and to a lesser extent gas and tramway service, in the Province of Catalonia, Spain. For the year ended Dec. 31, 1944, the company has reported income from investments of $4,688,575 and expenditures including bond interest of $1,877,682, leaving a credit balance of $2,810,893 compared with $2,799,409 in the previous year. The 1944 income which has accrued due to the company has not yet been received. Deductions, however, include interest on the consolidated 6½% prior lien bonds and on the 5½% first mortgage bonds which constitutes liabilities that have not yet been discharged. On account of the inability, for some nine years, of the Ebro Irrigation and Power Co. (operating subsidiary) to obtain the necessary exchange, which has made it impossible to pay interest and amortization of the 6½ and 5½% bond issues, the company has been negotiating with authorities, and "after prolonged and delicate negotiations, the possibility has arisen of obtaining, subject to conditions, a limited amount of sterling, which has enabled the board to formulate a plan of compromise. Under this plan the sterling funded debt of the company, comprising the 6½% prior lien bonds and the 5½%

Canadian Tire Corporation Limited

GOVERNMENT restrictions, regulations and the rationing of gasoline sharply curtailed the sale of automobile and kindred lines during the war years and left a heavy demand for replacements when merchandise becomes available. Gasoline rationing has already been removed, tubes have been made available to the public and it is anticipated tires will be in greater supply and available to civilian motorists before long. The conversion of plants to peacetime operations should result in increasing production of motor car accessories. Canadian Tire Corporation Limited carries on the business of a retail, wholesale and mail order distribution of accessories. Many of these products are distributed under the company's own trade name through its own stores, associated stores and through mail orders received from the catalogues distributed in quantity throughout the year. The removal of restrictions and increased production of accessories should find immediate reflection in the company's sales volume.

Canadian Tire Corporation has kept itself in a strong working capital position for the building up of the required inventory necessary for sales expansion and has entered the postwar period in the soundest financial position in its history. It has been officially stated that plans were well advanced to enable the company to resume a much more active program after the close of hostilities.

Sales for 1944 were approximately 15 per cent greater than for 1943. Net profit for the fiscal year ended December 31, 1944, of $144,098 was equal to $1.44 per share and inclusive of $1,532, equivalent to 1.5c per share, refundable portion of the excess profits tax. The 1943 net profit of $147,633 was equal to $1.48 per share and included $20,316, 20c per share, refundable tax. Surplus at the end of 1944 amounted to $1,355,189, against $1,211,796 at the end of 1943.

Net working capital of $1,078,349 at December 31, 1944, was an increase from $931,989 at December 31, 1943. Current assets of $1,369,951 included cash of $97,510 and investments of $1,084,015, in the aggregate many times total current liabilities of $291,602.

Canadian Tire Corporation Limited has no funded debt or preferred stock issue outstanding. Capital consists of 100,000 common shares of no par value. These shares resulted from capital changes in August 1944. Dividends are currently being paid on the present shares at the annual rate of 80c per share. An initial dividend of 20c per share was paid December 1944 and continued quarterly at this rate to date.

The company was incorporated with an Ontario Charter in 1927 acquiring a business established 18 years earlier. In addition to the main store, the company operates more than 100 franchise stores in Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

The common shares of Canadian Tire Corporation were listed on The Toronto Stock Exchange in January 1945. The high for the year to date is 22, the low 15½ and the current price approximately 21. At the high for the year the earnings ratio is 15.3, at the low 10.8 and at the current price 14.6.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS

	1944	1943	1942	1941	1940	1939
Net Profit—a	$ 144,098	$ 147,633	$ 154,526	$ 164,283	$ 128,164	$ 152,254
Net Per Share—a	$1.44	$1.48	$1.54	$1.64	$1.28	$1.52
Surplus	$1,355,189	$1,211,796	………	………	………	………
Current Assets	1,369,951	1,280,667	………	………	………	………
Current Liabilities	291,602	348,678	………	………	………	………
Net Working Capital	1,078,349	931,989	………	………	………	………
Cash	97,510	131,607	………	………	………	………
Investments	1,084,015	965,713	………	………	………	………

a—Includes $1,532 refundable tax 1944 equal to 1.5c. a share; $20,316 1943 equal to 20c. per share and $9,348 equal to 9c. a share 1942.
Note—Balance sheet figures not available prior to 1943.

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of fifteen cents per share, in Canadian Funds, on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1945 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Thursday, 1st November next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on 29th September 1945. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board
S. M. Wedd
General Manager
Toronto, 15th September 1945

The Shawinigan Water and Power Company

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of twenty-two (22c) cents per share has been declared on the no par value common shares of the Company for the quarter ending September 30, payable November 26, to shareholders of record October 19, 1945.

By Order of the Board,
H. G. BUDDEN,
Secretary.
Montreal, September 24, 1945.

The Toronto Mortgage Company
QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of $1.25 per share, upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company, has been declared for the Current Quarter, and that the same will be payable on and after 1st October 1945, to shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on 15th instant.

By order of the Board,
GEO. D. KIRKPATRICK,
Vice-President
11th September 1945.

Provincial Paper Limited

Notice is hereby given that Regular Quarterly Dividend of 1¾% on Preferred stock has been declared by PROVINCIAL PAPER LIMITED, payable October 1st, 1945 to Shareholders of record at close of business September 15th, 1945.

(Signed) W. S. BARBER,
Secretary-Treasurer

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first mortgage bonds, would be eliminated and the 6 per cent 45-year bonds, of which both principal and interest are payable in Spanish currency, would be paid off." Under the plan an additional 165,504 shares would be issued for distribution to sterling bondholders. The plan will be considered at special general meetings in London, England, on October 19.

R.M.A., Kenora, Ont. — YALTA GOLD MINES LIMITED was recently reported arranging for blasting operations to be followed by bulk sampling and diamond drilling. The ore zone is over 400 feet in length and approximately 7,000 feet of diamond drilling has been recommended. A report made by Dr. A. F. Banfield, the company's consulting geologist, states that the regional geology of Yalta indicates that it is similar in every respect to that of Trojam Gold Mines where first diamond drilling results have been interesting.

P.W.G., Campbellford, Ont. — The price of $615,000 at which KELVINATOR OF CANADA LTD. sold its English subsidiary shows the Canadian company a good profit over the book value of the investment as carried in the balance sheet. At Sept. 30, 1944, the investment in Kelvinator Limited, England, was carried at a gross book value of $316,333 against which there was a reserve of $101,333 including an allowance to reduce net current assets to the current rate of $4.33 to the £1 sterling. After this reserve the investment in the subsidiary company was carried at a net book value of $215,000.

W.M.G., Saint John, N.B.—Diamond drill exploration at TROJAM GOLD MINES, active in a new section of Quebec (Privat township), has already returned some encouraging gold values and the property is looked upon as an interesting prospect. It was reported in June that 12 drill holes had been completed and that visible gold was met with in the core of the first seven. Assay results were made public the following month from the first three holes but I have seen nothing further. Hole No. 1 returned a section over 2½ feet and $11.20 was secured over a like width in Hole No. 2. A second section in Hole No. 2 ran $4.90 over 2½ feet at a depth of 353 feet. In Hole No. 3 assays of $.140, $4.90 and $17.50 were reported but widths were not given.

N.L.J., Calgary, Alta. — There seems to be a fair prospect of it. The CANADIAN MARCONI CO. hopes to achieve at least its standard profits base during the current fiscal year which ends Dec. 31 next, according to A. H. Ginman, the president. The standard profits base is now $290,350 of which $198,710 was retainable in 1944. The previous base was $256,277 until the government allowed an increase of 5 per cent of the difference between the capital employed in 1939 and in 1944.

T. G. S., Montreal, Que.—Yes, the Orpit property, now known as PICCADILLY PORCUPINE GOLD MINES, has possibilities judging from the encouragement met with in diamond drilling. An extensive drilling campaign was carried out in 1941 following which shaft sinking was recommended. The ore zone was indicated by regularly spaced holes for over 1300 feet, with important widths of vein material over the greater part of the length. Computations of results from five holes are reported to indicate a block of ore 200 feet long and a width of 50 feet grading $5.78 per ton. The reorganization of the company was necessary as practically all the authorized capitalization of Orpit was issued. The treasury has already been provided with $100,000 and options on a further 1,600,000 shares are outstanding which will provide an additional $989,500 if all are exercised. The proposed program calls for sinking of a shaft to 800 feet and the opening of three levels at 250, 500 and 750 feet. The property comprises 2,340 acres in Bristol, Price and Thornloe townships, in the western section of Porcupine, and there are no producing mines in the immediate vicinity.

J.F.S., Toronto, Ont. — Prospects for CANADIAN CAR & FOUNDRY CO. are regarded as encouraging by the president, Victor Drury. The company's main business is the manufacture of railway rolling stock and equipment and the car plants are operating to capacity at the present time and have orders ahead which the management hopes will keep those plants busy through 1946. The company is also looking to the export market for business. Such business must be obtained in open competition with the rest of the world. Mr. Drury points out the company has also entered two new fields. One is the building of city buses, intercity coaches and track-less trolley cars. This new department is developing well and production is already underway. Orders on hand will provide employment for several hundred workers and other contracts are pending. The other field is in the manufacture of commercial aircraft. The CBY-3 has been developed and built by the company to fulfil a specific demand for this type of air cargo carrier.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Caution---Not Bullishness!

BY HARUSPEX

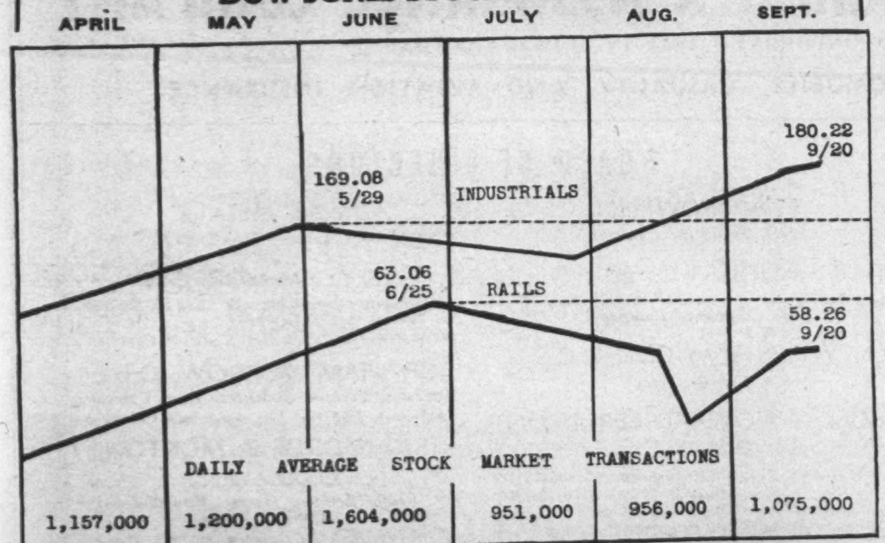
THE ONE- TO TWO-YEAR TREND: We regard stocks, following broad advance on the basis of high war earnings, as in a distributive zone preparatory to cyclical, or substantial intermediate, decline.

THE SHORT TERM OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND of the market was downward from the May/June peaks to the July/August bottoms, since which time an attempt at reversal in trend has been under way, with rails, so far, failing to confirm. For detailed discussion of technical position, see remarks below.

Just to maintain long range perspective, it might be pointed out that the stock market, following war's end, has moved into new high ground, thereby continuing a movement that has now been under way some 41 months, or **far in excess of any of the sustained moves of the past half century save the 42-month swing from March 1926 to September 1929.** The duration of this move, the relatively high level at which the majority of stocks are selling in terms of current earnings or earnings, even for the year ahead, lend occasion, in our opinion, for caution rather than the extension of bullishness. The current market atmosphere, with the public eager to participate in easy profits so patent in the weekly quotations, is in distinct contrast to the 1941/42 period when stocks were really on the bargain counter with no takers.

Contrary to previous advances of the bull market, to date, medium-grade bonds, so far as concerns the present rise, have failed to lead the industrial average into new high ground, but instead, are still ruling below their peaks of late June. Railroad stocks are also quite backward. With or without ability of the rails to move above mid-August highs (as would be indicated by a close in the Dow-Jones rail average at or above 58.81), the recent rate of movement in the industrials would suggest that the market should be subjected to a rest or recession at an early interval. Where accounts lack ample cash reserves, or buying power, we would make use of present strength for establishment of such via stock sales.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



KERR-ADDISON
GOLD MINES LIMITED
(No Personal Liability)

INTERIM DIVIDEND NO. 32

Notice is hereby given that an interim dividend of five cents per share has been declared on the issued capital stock of the company, payable in Canadian funds on Tuesday, October 30th, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business on Thursday, October 4th, 1945.

By Order of the Board.

G. A. CAVIN,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, Ontario,
September 24th, 1945.

Guaranty Trust
Company of Canada
QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 1¼%, being at the rate of 5% per annum on the paid-in capital stock of the Company, has been declared for the quarter year ending September 30th, 1945, payable October 15th, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business September 29th, 1945.

By order of the Board,
J. WILSON BERRY,
President & General Manager

Canadian Government,
Municipal and Corporation Bonds

In matters relating to investment or the underwriting and distribution of securities, the facilities of our organization are always at your disposal.

Bond offerings furnished upon request.

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DOMINION SECURITIES
CORPORATION LIMITED
ESTABLISHED 1901
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER NEW YORK LONDON, ENG.
15 King Street West, Toronto

THE VICTORIA TRUST & SAVINGS CO.
Established 1895
ASSETS OVER $11,000,000.00
FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS
HEAD OFFICE, LINDSAY, ONT.

A Future For Magnesium

The war-tested advantages of the new Magnesium Metal, light weight combined with strength, suggest applications in the manufacture of hundreds of peacetime industrial and domestic products. A developing demand for this remarkable metal holds promise for the rapid expansion of the Magnesium industry.

Investors, who wish to participate in a new but established industry with encouraging growth prospects and possibilities of appreciation, are directed to Canada's only commercial producer of Magnesium:—

Dominion Magnesium Limited
No par value capital stock

These shares are listed on The Toronto Stock Exchange

Market: Approximately $7.75-$8.25 per share

Descriptive literature availab'e upon request.

McLEOD, YOUNG, WEIR & COMPANY
LIMITED
Metropolitan Building, Toronto
Telephone: Elgin 0161
Offices at Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, London,
Correspondents in New York and London, England.

ABOUT INSURANCE

Need for Efficiency in Handling Insurance of Cities and Towns

By GEORGE GILBERT

Experience shows that it is the part of wisdom for municipalities to transfer their insurable risks to the insurance companies rather than attempt to save money by carrying such risks themselves, as they do not have a sufficient spread of risk to make it safe or, in the long run, profitable to do so.

At the same time there is every reason why civic authorities should apply efficient business methods to the handling of the insurance affairs of the municipality, with the object of obtaining the best coverage available at the lowest possible cost.

IN cities and towns throughout the country where the elected representatives of the citizens have some regard for the interests of the ordinary taxpayers, loose practices in the placing of the insurance required to cover the municipality's needs for protection are being superseded by strictly business methods. In one town where the Board of Education has the responsibility of handling the insurance on school property, it secured the expert advice of school architects, engineers and contractors in order to arrive at an accurate valuation of each unit in the school insurance schedule, comprising twenty properties.

In the administration office of the Board is kept on file a complete chart, giving the cubiture of each unit, its cubic foot cost with allowance for depreciation, and with a percentage of total cost allotted to excavations and foundations. Periodically this chart is revised to correspond with the rise or fall in costs of building materials, labor, etc. Each year a detailed report on costs is obtained from school architects, which is checked through estimates of well-known contractors, and supplemented with a report from the engineering department of one or more of the larger groups of fire insurance companies. In this way the companies carrying the insurance are benefited as well as the municipality.

Additional Check-up

As a further safeguard, an independent report is obtained from time to time from competent fire insurance adjusters as to the value of the various buildings included in the insurance schedule. That means that the Board of Education is not waiting for a major fire to occur before finding out if there is any difference of opinion in regard to values between insurers and insured. In making their check-up and examination of the school properties, the adjusters are not in possession of the valuations made by the school architects, the engineers and the contractors.

Of the total amount of insurance carried on the school property, one-fifth expires on a given date each year, so that the Board is able to budget insurance premiums on an equal annual basis, except where additions or new buildings are constructed during the year. A detailed account of each unit of property is kept in book form and forms part of the records of the Board of Education. Each building is fully described, the number of pupils is listed, reports of fire tests are included, and also complete maps showing the relative position of each building to adjacent streets, recording distances to nearest fire stations and hydrants, as well as the various exposures in the neighborhood. A photograph of each piece of insured property is attached to the description in the proper sequence. As a result of the care and supervision given the school property, the insurance rate is a very low one.

It is not feasible, in the case of insurance required by a municipality, to ask for bids such as are called for in construction work. Nor would it be sound practice to place the insurance of a town or city with the lowest bidder, regardless of other considerations. It is of more than ordinary interest in this connection to observe how a city well-known throughout the United States and Canada as an insurance centre—Hartford, Conn.—handles the placing of the insurance of that municipality.

Service Expected

In describing the methods followed in that city, Hartford's insurance supervisor pointed out to begin with what he considered the city was entitled to in the way of service from the insurance interests, as follows: 1. Inspections, surveys and reports as to how improvements could be made and corresponding rate reductions secured; 2. Insurance in strong companies approved by the Government Insurance Department; 3. The service of an insurance advisory committee, in making proper notification of loss to the various insurance companies interested, advising the Purchasing Board of the city of the proper steps to take with respect to salvaging or preventing additional loss, and in preparing necessary papers.

It is apparent that if the writing of the policies for the total amount of insurance required by the city were divided among all the agents in the place, the responsibility in connection with the servicing of the insurance would also be so widely distributed that no one agent would consider himself responsible for it. In Hartford the insurance advisory committee is made responsible for concurrency of forms, correctness of rates, inspections, reports, and general insurance service.

This advisory committee also acts as a clearing house for the Purchasing Board of the city and the various city departments in the matter of insurance and bonding requirements. It prepares the forms and furnishes them to the companies writing the contracts, so as to make sure that all contracts are uniform in coverage, rates, etc. The committee gathers all contracts together for transmission to the Board of Contract and Supply of the city, which has the duty of finally approving all bills for payment direct to the insurance companies.

Call for Better Plan

Prior to 1928 the purchasing of the insurance required by the various city departments was under the control of twenty-six different commissions, committees and individuals. In that year the Mayor in his annual message recommended that a commission be appointed to make a comprehensive insurance survey and to suggest a fair plan for the placing of the city's insurance.

As a result, an insurance advisory committee was appointed at the suggestion of the chairman of the High School Committee. A survey of the high school insurance by the committee pointed the way to considerable savings in premium outlay and also made it possible to secure better policy forms. It was then assumed that a complete study of the insurance requirements of all city departments would produce a general plan, resulting in a degree of uniformity, exact protection and economy not otherwise obtainable.

Under the Hartford plan, as finally adopted and put into effect, large savings in outlay and improvements in coverage have been accomplished, while at the same time the distribution of accrued commissions to the local agents on a scientific and satisfactory basis has evidently also been achieved. After obtaining accurate and indisputable information about each agent by way of a signed and sworn application blank, which is carefully checked and verified, the agents are classified for commission distribution. The signed questionnaire

TOPS on 'CIVVY STREET'

Rehabilitation? I'm going to start off with a new Biltmore!

Biltmore

PRESIDENT

THE BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY

INCORPORATED 1833 IN UPPER CANADA

FIRE, MARINE, AUTOMOBILE, CASUALTY, AND AVIATION INSURANCE

FINANCIAL POSITION
December 31, 1944

ASSETS
$8,238,795

LIABILITIES
To The Public
$4,166,068

CAPITAL
$750,000

SURPLUS ABOVE CAPITAL
$3,322,726

LOSSES PAID SINCE ORGANIZATION
$86,218,390

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

LOOKING FORWARD with the WEST

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THE PORTAGE MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
MUTUAL SERVICE WITH SECURITY

FIRE and WINDSTORM

The PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN. WINNIPEG, REGINA, EDMONTON

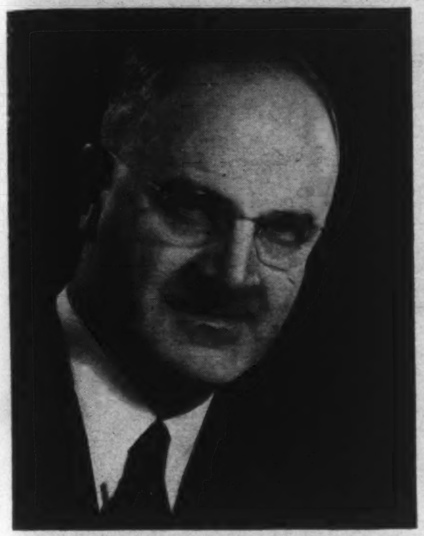
THE Casualty Company of Canada
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO
E. D. GOODERHAM, President
A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director
AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES
IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

is at all times open to the public for inspection, and has, it is stated, relieved the Board of Contract and Supply and other individuals from criticism which otherwise might be brought to bear if the allotment of classification awards were not based upon accurate information and utilized in accordance with a definite system.

• •

Tests for Agents

ANNOUNCEMENT has been made by R. B. Whitehead, K.C., Ontario Superintendent of Insurance, that all new applicants for insurance agents' licenses (except life insurance) will be required after October 1 to pass a written examination set by the Department, in order to satisfy the Department as to their knowledge of the basic principles of those classes of insurance for which they apply to be licensed. The Department has prepared a manual of questions and answers on which the examination will be based, which will be mailed to all new applicants for study following receipt of the application. Arrangements have been made whereby any applicant may write the examination before a presiding officer in a town or city conveniently near to his place of residence, within thirty days following the date of application. The Department has adopted this policy in order to give every newly licensed agent a more thorough understanding of the basic principles of insurance.



"Business is moving to B.C.," says W. C. Mainwaring, vice president in charge of sales of B.C. Electric Company. He is directing a vigorous campaign of publicity regarding the industrial advantages of the Coast Province, which is expected to result in a sizeable increase in the already pronounced movement of industries to British Columbia. B.C., obviously, has much to offer, including cheap power, mild climate and year-round water transportation, plus a preferred position for industrialists wishing to profit by the large volume of peacetime business to be available in China, Japan, Russia, Australia, India, South America and other countries adjacent to the Pacific. To assure a plentiful supply of cheap electric power and gas, as well as modern transportation, B.C. Electric has already started work on a comprehensive $50,000,000 expansion program.

• •

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Can you inform me as to what happens to a United States soldier's government life insurance after he is discharged from the Army? Does the insurance terminate, or can he continue it or convert it into a permanent type of policy?

—C. L. M., Niagara Falls, Ont.

Through the Veterans Administration, a U.S. Government Department, the returned soldier may continue his 8-year term policy at the same premium rate until it expires at the end of the eight year period, or he may convert it at any time during the period into a whole life policy, a 20-payment life policy, or a 30-payment life policy. Originally the insurance was for a term of five years, but on July 2, 1945, Congress passed a measure extending the term to eight years. The proceeds of the insurance are payable to the beneficiary, if the beneficiary is under 30 years of age, in the form of monthly installments. There are two forms of monthly installments to choose from. Under one form the installments are payable for a period of twenty years, and under the other form the installments are payable for life on the basis of an installment refund annuity. The age of the beneficiary determines the amount of the monthly installments in each case. If the beneficiary is over 30 years of age at the time claim is made, the proceeds are payable as a life income, with the income guaranteed for 10 years in any event, or on the installment refund annuity basis.

•

Editor, About Insurance:

I would like to obtain a report on a company by the name of the Motor Union Insurance Company. How long has this company been in business, what is the volume of business it transacts in this country, and what are its assets and liabilities in Canada? Any information you can furnish me with in this respect will be appeciated.

—S.F.H., Brandon, Man.

The Motor Union Insurance Company, Limited, with head office at London, Eng., and Canadian head office at Montreal, was incorporated in 1906, and has been doing business in Canada since 1919. It is regularly licensed in this country, and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the sole protection of Canadian policyholders. At the end of 1944, its total assets in Canada were $329,407, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to $208,955, showing an excess of assets in Canada over liabilities of $120,452. In 1944 its total income in Canada was $234,083, made up of: net fire premiums written, $66,365; net premiums written (other), $167,718. Its total expenditure in Canada was $248,718, made up of: net losses incurred (fire), $29,692; net losses incurred (other), $93,279; taxes, 7,725; general expenses, $118,022. The company is safe to insure with, and all claims are readily collectable.

PERSONAL Loans

FOR ANY REASONABLE PURPOSE

only 27¢ A MONTH FOR A $100 LOAN repayable in 12 monthly instalments. (equal to 6% interest per annum)

"MY BANK" TO A MILLION CANADIANS

B of M

BANK OF MONTREAL

working with Canadians in every walk of life since 1817

You Repay by Monthly Instalments

Cash you get	6 paym'ts	9 paym'ts	12 paym'ts	18 paym'ts	24 paym'ts
	INCLUDING INTEREST				
$ 50	$ 8.48	$ 5.69	$ 4.30	..	..
75	12.72	8.54	6.45	..	..
100	16.96	11.39	8.60	..	..
150	25.44	17.08	12.90	$ 8.73	..
300	50.88	34.17	25.81	17.46	$13.28

See the manager or accountant of your neighbourhood B of M branch.

LARGER LOANS AT PROPORTIONATE COST

AD22

Management Services that include:

¶ Time, motion and methods study.

¶ Incentive plans.

¶ Training of foremen and supervisors in methods improvement, cost reduction, personnel relations and work simplification.

¶ Surveys of sales, distribution and merchandising methods, and analysis of markets.

¶ Surveys for the location of factories and branch warehouses.

¶ Surveys and installation of production, budgetary, profit and cost control methods and systems.

¶ Complete surveys of operations and organization.

•

J. D. WOODS & GORDON LIMITED

15 Wellington St. W., Toronto, Canada

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Industrial Engineers and Consultants

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Intelligent Employment of "Risk Capital"

We are sponsors of the following mining companies

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Campbell Red Lake Mines Limited
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IN BOURLAMAQUE-LOUVICOURT

Mylamaque Mines Limited
Petitclerc Mines Limited
Tasmaque Gold Mines Limited

•

A new map of Red Lake will be mailed on request.

There are sound reasons why some men appear to turn most circumstances of financial life into success. One is that they take advantage of the inevitable ebbs in the stock market trend to accumulate stocks at the lower levels, thus giving themselves a distinct advantage over those who wait until the inevitable up-swing carries stock prices upwards.

Naturally, investors who employ such foresight, choose stocks of companies possessing intrinsic merits which enable them to weather any storm, their stocks then react swiftly and favorably to any market up-turn.

Even companies with low-priced stocks may possess internal power to over-ride market conditions and offset the normal hazards of mining. The *first* element of power is a well supplied treasury which permits a company to carry out its development program regardless of what the market is doing. The *second* is possession of a property of well defined possibilities. *Third* is management which concentrates on the problems of mining regardless of what goes on around them.

The question naturally arises: how is the average individual to obtain access to this formula of success. The answer is: Take the trouble to find out through the normal channels of inquiry those firms who are known to be reliable in their advice;—Then seek their advice. It may be one of the most important decisions of your life.

"ONE GOOD INVESTMENT WORTH A LIFETIME OF LABOUR"

BREWIS & WHITE

200 Bay Street, Toronto. Telephone: *ELgin 7225

News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page 35*)

tions were suspended in May 1942, a shaft had been sunk 281 feet, two levels established and considerable lateral work completed. Ore reserves were officially estimated at 314,725 tons averaging better than $11. Diamond drilling to a depth of 760 feet on the dip of structure indicated that commercial values carried to at least that depth.

•

Failing to meet sufficient encouragement in the diamond drilling program completed to date on the Rand Malartic Mines property in Fournière township, Quebec, Radar Corporation, McIntyre-Porcupine's Quebec subsidiary, has dropped its option. The property adjoins East Malartic and Malartic Gold Fields and had already been extensively drilled. It is understood the results of drilling done recently to extend the previous exploration was not favorable enough to warrant continuation of commitments necessitated under the option. McIntyre's subsidiary had planned formation of a new company if exploration justified same.

•

Announcement that Goldhawk Porcupine Mines is preparing for underground development promises to focus additional attention on the Night Hawk Lake section of the east Porcupine camp. It is proposed to sink to 575 feet and open three levels and it is hoped to have a shaft started in a couple of months. Erection of the power line is to start at once as well as a road to connect with the government highway. Former operators carried out considerable work on the property and more recent diamond drilling has indicated two ore zones, one 800 feet long and the other 300, the former with an indicated grade of 0.30 oz. over a width of five feet and the other averaging around 0.20 oz. over 20 foot width. Mining Corporation, Broulan and Moneta are financing the operation.

•

Systematic surface work is progressing on Upper Canada Mines properties in Midlothian township, where a rich gold discovery was made this year, states R. R. Brown, president. Owing to the shortage of men, only a small gang is available. The work being done is trenching, stripping and blasting into the solid rock prior to sampling and mapping. The new find, he states, looks promising, however a great deal of further surface work will be necessary to get a true picture of its economic value.

•

A major development program following which erection of a new larger mill is contemplated is planned by Hasaga Gold Mines, in the Red Lake area. It is proposed to deepen the main shaft to the 3,000-foot level and open six new levels at 200-foot intervals. A deep hole is now being drilled below the recently located orebody and the hole is expected to cut the ore between 2,300 and 2,400 feet or about 300 feet under the deepest intersection so far obtained. Drifting is now underway on the 1,600-foot level to develop the ore indicated by drilling at that horizon.

•

A gold property of 600 acres in Range 1, Carpentier township, Quebec, has been purchased by Purdy Mica Mines. Two veins with lengths up to 300 feet, carrying considerable free gold and heavy mineralization with gold values, have been developed in surface trenching. A porphyry dyke five to six feet wide, with quartz stringers carrying free gold and gold bearing mineralization, has been opened up on surface for a length of 1,300 feet. It is thought it will make ore over this length, according to J. P. Norrie, consulting engineer. Several gold bearing boulders have been found from other ore occurrences thought to be under the overburden nearby. A diamond drilling program is planned.

Jobs which women have done well in wartime may open up new fields to them now. A Wren Boarding Officer above has visited a Merchant Ship and collected confidential books.

Mines Handbook

A NEWLY-ISSUED edition of the useful Canadian Mines Handbook reviews, as usual, the position of the operating companies in comprehensive detail, with five-year comparisons of output, earnings and other essential information. Particulars are given of the active non-producing organizations, including office addresses, transfer agents, directors, capitalization, property holdings and current activities.

Altogether, 7,100 companies and syndicates are listed. Part I gives the details on 1,300 active corporations, including 559 formed in the past year, while Part II deals with 5,800 others, most of which are quiescent.

For the market investor a long range table of quotations on the Toronto Stock Exchange, up to June 30, is provided, together with schedules of brokers' commission rates, government transfer taxes, etc.

The Canadian Mines Handbook is published by The Northern Miner Press Limited, 122 Richmond St. West, Toronto; 320 pages; price, $1.

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SUCCESSORS TO MITCHELL & McGILL

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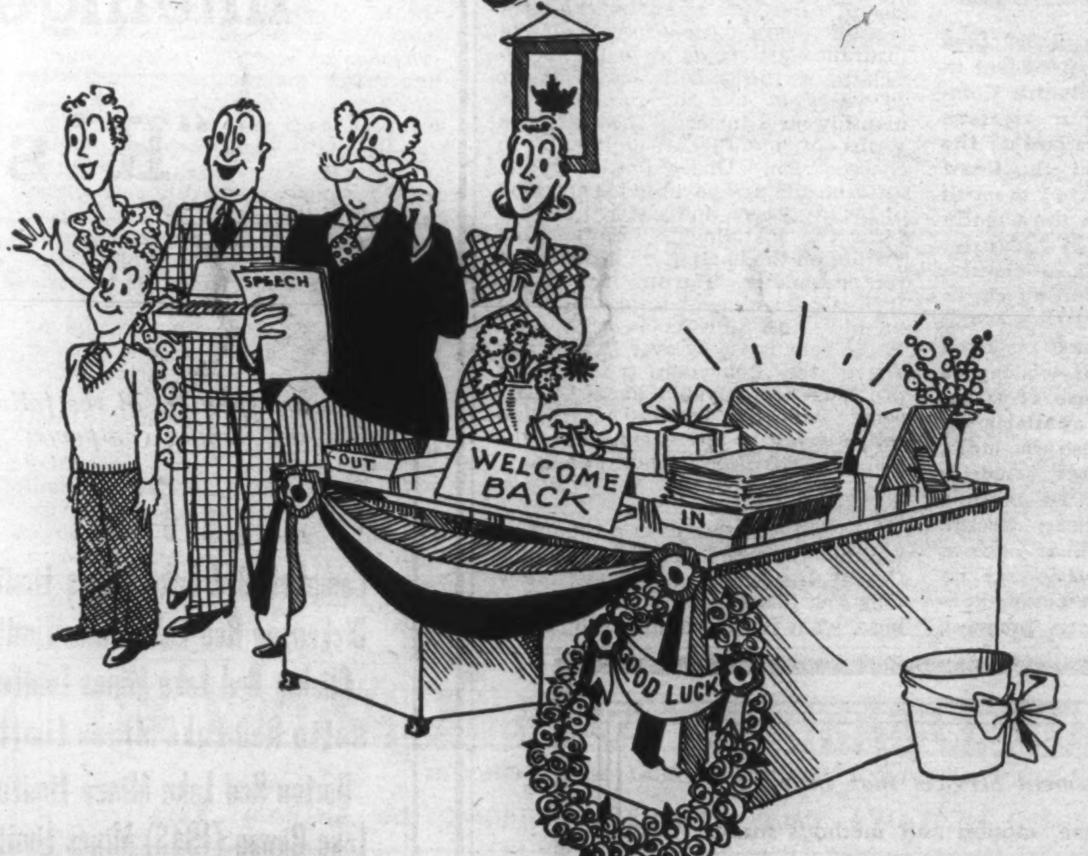
Where's Joe?

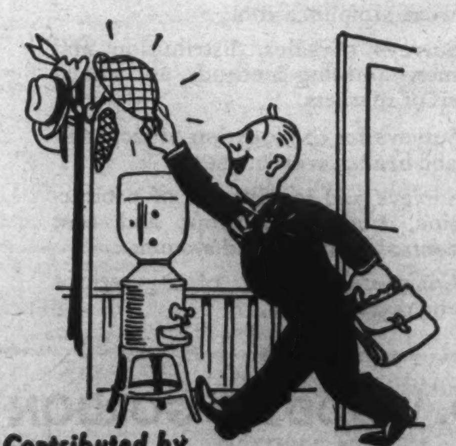


On the Way to his Old Job

Yes, Joe is going back to his old job, just as thousands of other Canadian service men are at this time.

They will be greeting old friends, and making many new ones. Be a leader in extending a hearty hand of welcome to the men who took time off to look after the business of free people all over the world.

Tell them that it was a job well done, and *show* them they have a new job well worth doing.



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